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BYSTANDER

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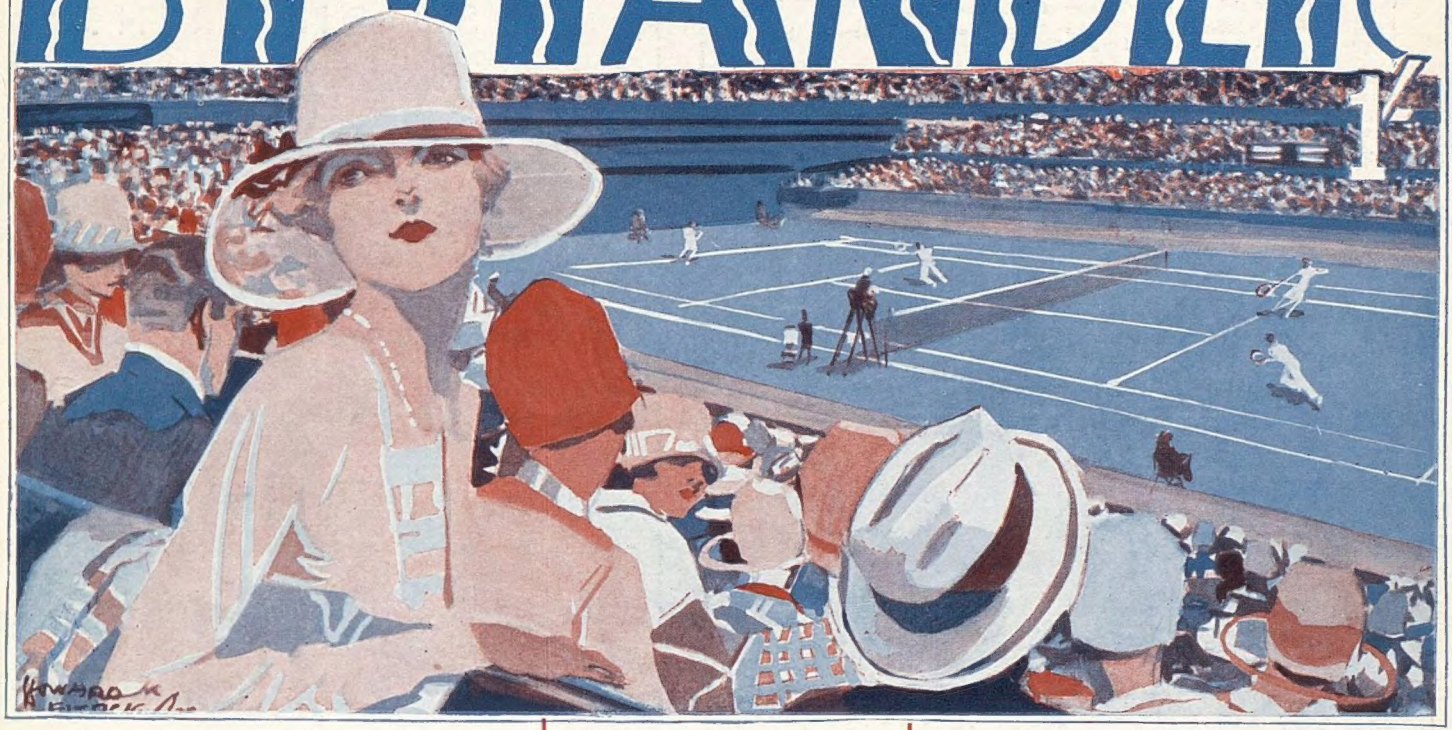

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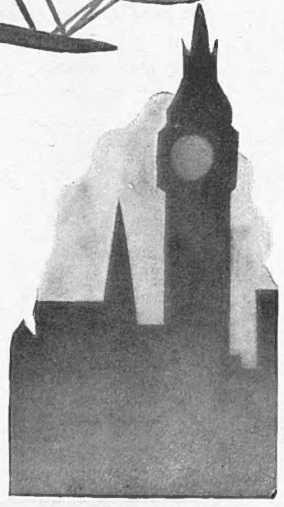

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The Bystander, July 1, 1931 No. 1437 Vol. CXI.

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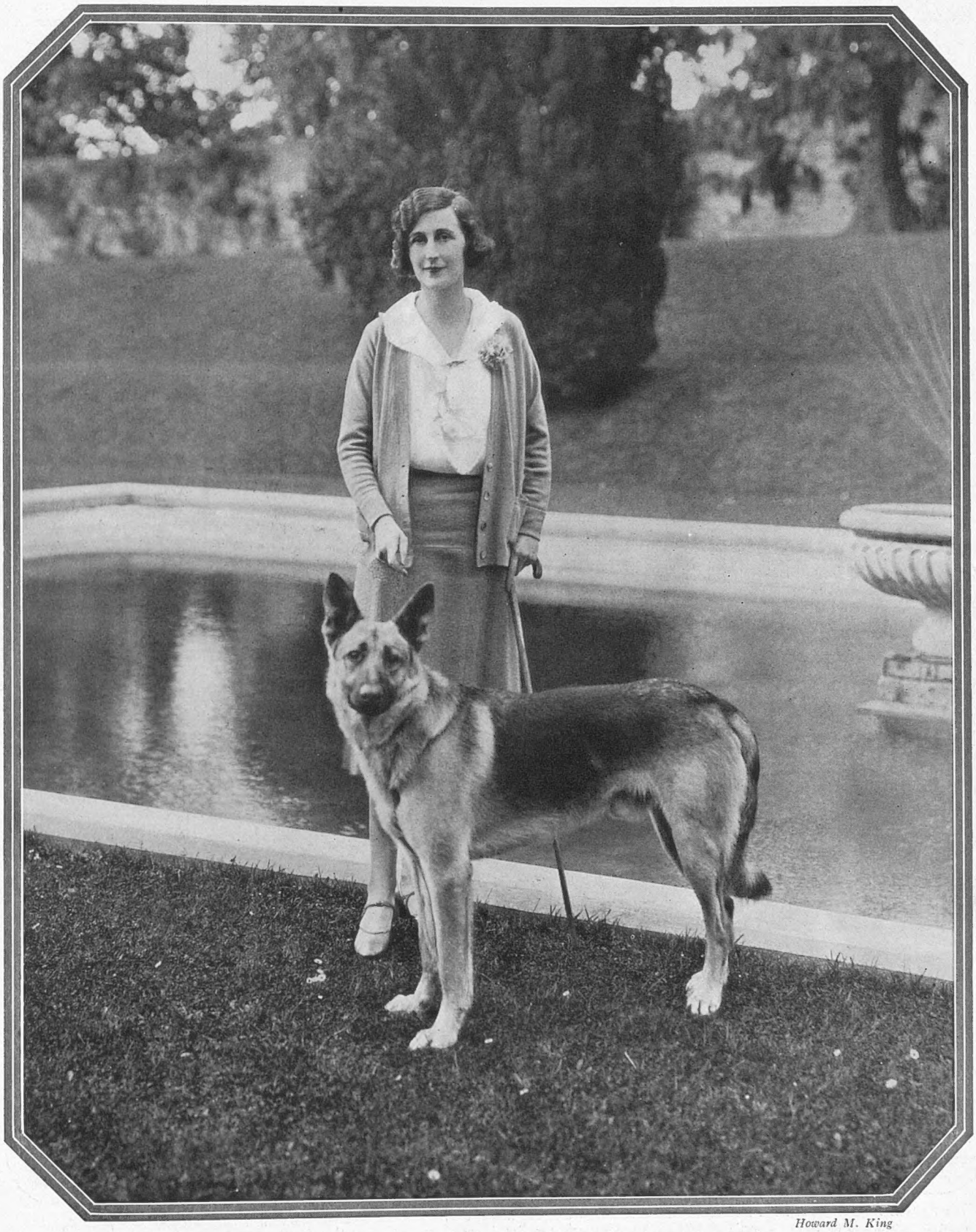


Howard M. King

LADY SACKVILLE

In the grounds of the family seat at Knole, Sevenoaks, where a garden fête is being held to-day, Wednesday, in aid of the Waifs and Strays. Before her marriage in 1924 Lady Sackville was Miss Anne Meredith Bigelow, of New York

"FAMOUS BEAUTIES" Ball at the DORCHESTER

Three of the characters who took part in the recent ball at the Dorchester. Reading from left to right are Anne Boleyn (Miss Myrtle Baron), Ruth (Miss Pamela Ostrer), and La Belle Feronnière (Mrs. J. Mackie)

The Empress Eugénie (Miss Baba Beaton), in the centre, with her four Maids of Honour, portrayed by the Hon. Nancy Mitford and Miss Florence Scheftel, seated, and the Misses Coral Pinkard and Tess Chattock, standing, in one of the tableaux at the "Famous Beauties" Ball in aid of the Papworth Village Settlement. Inset, the Hon. Mrs. John Barran and her twin, the Hon. Margaret Hore-Ruthven, as the Gunning Sisters. These two famous beauties of the past both married into the Peerage, one of the sisters becoming the Duchess of Hamilton and the other the Countess of Coventry

Mr. William Randolph Hearst, the American newspaper magnate, who recently attacked President Hoover's plan to suspend payment of war debts to America for a year, with some of his guests, including Mr. Jack Mulhall and Miss Constance Talmadge, the film stars, Miss Lenore Bushman, Sir Charles Allom, Mrs. Mulhall, Mr. T. Netcher, Mr. H. Crocker and Mr. E. Kane at his house-party at St. Donat's Castle, South Wales. Mr. Hearst, seen on the right of the second row, in the course of his outburst against the Allies declared that they forgot to be grateful and Uncle Santa Claus became Uncle Shylock

the passing hour

THE Wimbledon meeting is always a great time for private dances. The season continues at its high peak. It has not yet begun to slump towards Goodwood and Cowes. London is full of attractive foreigners like Cochet and Borotra and Lili de Alvarez and Cilli Aussem and the other tennis stars, as well as the invariably good-looking and dashing cavalrymen of France, Italy, Belgium and the other countries which send entrants to the International Horse Show.

S

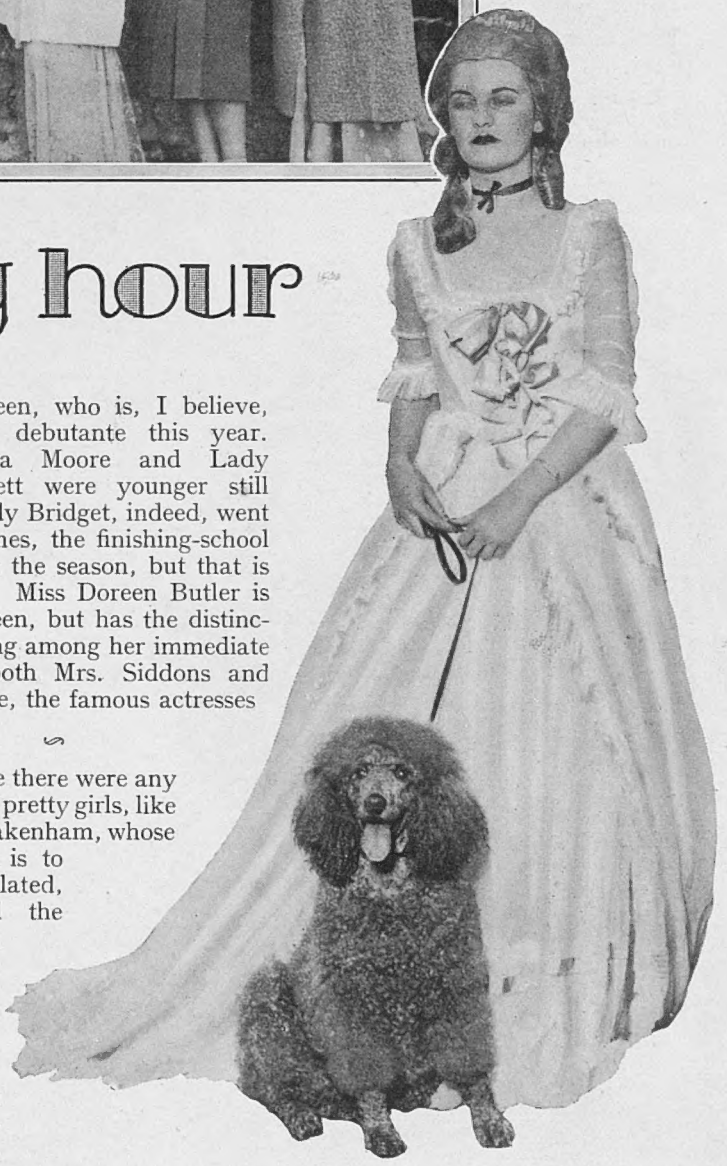
AT Lady Anglesey's dance the other night there were six members of the Royal family, including the Duchess of York—in white—and Prince George. It was given for Lady Caroline Paget and Miss Anne Charteris. Lady Caroline has gipsy-black eyes, and has had the biggest success of any debutante this year. Flocks of young men ask her to dance wherever she goes, and in this shortage of young men that is a great triumph.

S

THE same evening there were two other dances, one given by Lady Dorothy Hope-Morley and the other given by Lady Butler for her daughter Doreen, who is, I believe, the youngest debutante this year. Lady Patricia Moore and Lady Bridget Poulett were younger still last year—Lady Bridget, indeed, went back to Ozannes, the finishing-school in Paris, after the season, but that is by the way. Miss Doreen Butler is barely seventeen, but has the distinction of counting among her immediate ancestresses both Mrs. Siddons and Fanny Kemble, the famous actresses

S

AT this dance there were any number of pretty girls, like Lady Violet Pakenham, whose brother Frank is to be congratulated, I hear, and the Hon. Imogen Rhys, whose brother Elwyn has also just become engaged. There was also the Hon. Theodora Benson, who has published yet another novel,



Miss Margaret Whigham in the dress she wore at the "Famous Beauties" Ball at the Dorchester in aid of the Papworth Village Settlement. She represented Perdita in the pageant, which was a great success

SPECTATORS AND COMPETITORS AT WIMBLEDON

Lieut.-Colonel R. Sloane-Stanley, whose daughter, a well-known tennis player, has lately become engaged, photographed with Miss Helen Jacobs at Wimbledon

and Lord and Lady Leigh, and Lady Dynevor, and Mr. Hugh Hardie. I had expected to see Lady Joan Villiers at this dance, for she is a connection of Lady Butler and a cousin of Lady Violet Pakenham, but she was away at Oxford for Commem. Week.

THAT evening there was another party given by Sir Cecil Harcourt Smith, at which Princess Mary was present. On the invitation card, at the bottom left-hand corner, were the words "Syllabubs and strawberries," which is the academic way of saying "Strawberries and cream." If you look it up in the dictionary you will find that a syllabub is a kind of soft-coned cream curd. But nobody knows the origin of the word.

Princess George Imeretinsky (left) and the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell arriving at Wimbledon

The King of Spain, accompanied by his daughter, saw Spain's brightest lawn tennis star, Señorita [illegible] player,

THE following evening I looked in for supper at the always popular Café de Paris, where Dora Maughan has returned from America. Dora is in better form than ever. Her "timing" in particular has improved. I have often wondered why America produces all the best diseuses. It is true that France can point to Yvonne Georges, but that is only one to off-set Cornelia Otis Skinner, Ruth Draper, Dora Maughan, and the other transatlantic experts of this difficult form of art. Perhaps it is because Americans have considerably more self-confidence. I wonder.

Lady Wavertree, a former Wimbledon competitor, and the young French player, Mlle. A. Neufeld, snapped near Court One

NOT by any manner of means has all the gaiety, however, been confined to private houses. Lord Inverclyde was dancing at the Malmaison the other night, and appeared to be in the best of spirits and enjoying himself thoroughly. That night the Malmaison was so crowded that over 180 people were turned away.

WHATEVER else Americans have, they certainly have the money. The other night I was in a party at the Savoy given for Mrs. Richard McCreery's pretty daughter Isabel. One of the guests was Miss Vivienne St. George, whose mother has just been left thirty or forty (or is it eighty?) millions by her American father. Miss St. George is a pretty girl with auburn hair, bright eyes, and a quick smile. Others in the party were Lord Listowel's son, the Hon. John Hare, Mr. Handley Clark, who is in the 14th Hussars, now soon off to Egypt under the command of Colonel Darley, and Lady Bridget Poulett.

LADY BRIDGET is one of the prettiest girls in London, and, like Lady

THE FORTHCOMING ECLIPSE BALL

Beatrice, watching the play on the Centre Court. He beaten in two straight sets by the young English Round

Alexandra Haig and others, neither smokes nor drinks. Unlike several of her contemporaries, she does not care for too many references to her activities or photographs of her pretty face. She was telling me how angry she was when a friend of hers, an equally well-known debutante of 1931 whose identity you can probably guess, had accused her of being "affected" when she said she did not like publicity. In the circumstances, therefore, it would be ungallant to say more about her.

S

At a cheery cocktail party held last week in Major Jack Harrison's house in Grosvenor Square I learnt some of the details concerning the forthcoming Eclipse Ball, which promises to be one of the brightest of affairs. It will be held in aid of the Royal Veterinary College, which is in urgent need of financial support, and during the party Sir Merrik Burrell, the Chairman of the General Purposes Committee of the College, told us of its aims and difficulties.

S

This is one of the few remaining charity dances of the Season, and it will be held on July 17 at the Dorchester. Lady Rosebery will be the hostess, and a feature of the evening's entertainment will be the re-running of the Derby, in the same way as races are held on board boat. For this "Derby" leading trainers will act as bookmakers, and among the judges will be Mr. J. A. Dewar, the owner of Cameronian, while Lord Lonsdale will act as starter.

S

There will be many prizes for the races, including a motor car, one of the shoes worn by Cameronian in the Derby, and a greyhound. Mr. A. J. Munnings, the famous equine painter, is giving a blank canvas, which will be auctioned by Mr. Tom Walls to swell the funds, and Captain Leonard Brassey has promised to give a two-year-old which will be sold for the benefit of the funds at the July sales at Newmarket. The list of patrons of the Eclipse Ball is a long and distinguished one, headed by the Prince of Wales and Princess Mary; and all racing enthusiasts, owners and trainers are combining to make it one of the most amusing functions of the year.

S

Another outstanding charity dance is the Garden Ball to be held at

Lieutenant E. H. Gregson, R.N., one of the finest heavyweight boxers the Royal Navy has ever seen, photographed in the park with his fiancée, Miss Mable MacGregor. The latter is the daughter of Major and Mrs. Arthur MacGregor, of Salvington Lodge, near Worthing

MISS JUDITH CLIVE

Whose marriage to the Hon. Richard Lyttelton, the youngest brother of Viscount Cobham, will take place at Holy Trinity, Sloane Square, on July 23. She is the eldest daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Percy Archer Clive, M.P., Grenadier Guards, and of Mrs. Clive, of Whitfield, Herefordshire

TWO INTERESTING ENGAGEMENTS

the May Fair Hotel on Thursday, July 9, under the distinguished patronage of the Duchess of York. It will be in aid of that most deserving cause, the Disabled Officers' Garden Homes. Although the War has been over for more than a decade there are still very many partially disabled officers with wives and families who are in dire want, and the object of this charity is to build bungalow homes at Watford where they can live rent free and add to their pensions by growing produce in the market gardens which form part of the scheme.

S

THE arrangements for the ball are now completed, and the attractions include side shows, prize programmes and treasure trove in addition to a "Garden of Loveliness." The Clabon-West Dance Band will be responsible for the music, and that entertaining person, Douglas Byng, has generously promised to appear, so the evening will undoubtedly prove a great success.

Mr. Ian Maitland Pelham-Burn and Miss Pamela Rowlatt leaving Dorchester Abbey after their wedding last week. The bride is the younger daughter of Sir Frederick and Lady Rowlatt and a niece of the High Court Judge of the King's Bench Division, Sir Sidney Rowlatt

Janet Jevons

Miss Diana Henderson, the elder daughter of the Hon. Arnold and Mrs Henderson and a granddaughter of Lord Faringdon, whose marriage to Mr. David Forbes, Coldstream Guards, will take place to-morrow, Thursday, at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks

Mr. E. C. Peters, the old Oxford lawn tennis Blue, who is the only Englishman to have beaten W. T. Tilden, photographed at Wimbledon with his fiancée, Miss Effie Hemmant. Miss Hemmant is also well known in the lawn tennis world, and is the holder of the Singles Championship of Wales

S

CIRO'S and Quaglino's can both report excellent business during the past week. The Duke and Duchess of York were dancing the other night in the Orange Street Club which, by the way, has now removed all guest fees. It was some months ago that they made it no longer necessary for one to pay for one's guests if in day dress on the balcony. Now it is not necessary to pay for them even if in evening dress in a party on the dance floor. This is an added inducement to members and prospective members to use the place even more.

S

QUAGLINO has been doing so well that he intends to redecorate his restaurant entirely while his clients

WEDDINGS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

Capt. Ralph Rayner and his bride, Miss Betty Courtauld, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Augustine Courtauld, of Halstead, Essex, being drawn from the church to the reception in an open barouche after their wedding. The postillions were furnished by men of Capt. Rayner's regiment, the Royal Corps of Signals

are away on the summer holiday. The other evening I saw Lord Cecil Manners there, as well as Lord Adare, Lady Mainwaring and other well-known people. Lord Cecil Manners with his eye glass and imperial is a distinguished addition to any restaurant. Lady Mainwaring is going on a caravan holiday with her two daughters this summer.

S

At this time of year it is always amusing to walk down Bond Street at noon and have a mental bet as to how many people one will recognise. A day or two ago I saw Sir Alfred Yarrow, the ninety-year-old engineer, emerge briskly from his horse-carriage and enter a shop; I saw Hugh Walpole, plump, smiling, debonair, with three books under his arm; Lady Queensberry engrossed in thought, perhaps about her next sitter; and Eric Marshall evidently humming some tune to himself.

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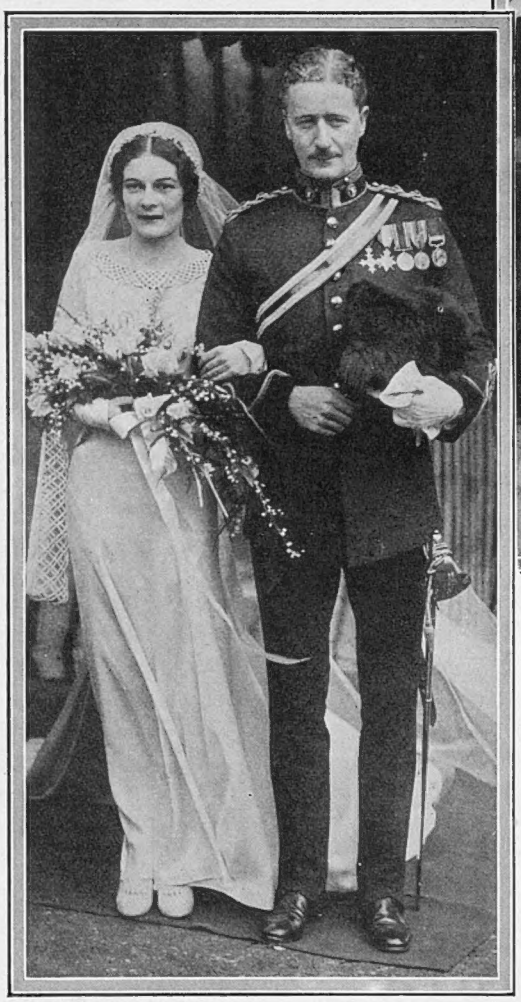
He was probably on his way to Wimbledon, which has been subject to the most extraordinary vagaries of weather this year. On the Tuesday of last week it was almost too hot to watch the tennis. On the



Capt. Rayner and Miss Betty Courtauld leaving the church at Halstead after their wedding. The bride's father, Mr. S. A. Courtauld, who was for many years a director of the famous firm of Courtauld's Ltd., is President of the Huguenot Society of London

Mr. Robert Windham Batt and Miss Felicity Mary Cobbold leaving St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, after their wedding, at which the Bishop of St. Edmundsbury and Ipswich officiated. The bridegroom is the third son of Lieut.-Colonel R. C. Batt, of Gresham Hall, Norwich, and the bride the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Cobbold, of Tattingstone Park, Ipswich

Wednesday—Midsummer day—the players were blowing on their fingers to get them warm. That was the day that Lili de Alvarez was defeated by Miss Round. King Alfonso, King Manoel, and Lady Oxford and Asquith were among the spectators, and King Alfonso kissed the defeated champion's fingers as she left the Court.

S

More and more sets of matched steel golf shafts are being sold in England. One of the latest to possess a set is Lord Kintore, who plays off a handicap of eight or nine. I do not know whether he can yet report

HORSES IT WILL PAY TO FOLLOW

favourably on them, but he was at Sandy Lodge the other day lunching with the secretary, who told me that one of the City Corporations had been so high-minded the previous week that it had forwarded in advance a cheque for all the green fees payable in connection with its summer tournament to be played at Sandy Lodge. Good old City!

MEMBERS of the New Party, headed by Sir Oswald and Lady Cynthia Mosley, are keeping very quiet about the number of recruits they have got. "It is a pledged secret among us," Mr. John Strachey, M.P., told me in the squash racket courts at the Royal Automobile Club. I am not surprised that they wish to keep it quiet. Meantime, the leader of the party is keeping himself fit by fencing and playing skittles, also at the Royal Automobile Club.

THE other day Sir Oswald was in the skittle alley there and was about to hurl the heavy 11lb. ball at the skittles when he caught his thumb and forefinger in the two slots on it, with the result that the ball shot upwards and smashed the lamp overhead, to the intense joy of everyone who was watching. He lunges about with equal ferocity when fencing, and the fencing master says that the only person he can remember who was as energetic was Mr. Winston Churchill. On one occasion the latter fell heavily to the ground—this was some years ago—put his shoulder out, put it back, and went on fencing!

THE Ritz grows more crowded every day at luncheon time. It is almost impossible during the week not to jostle into twenty or thirty celebrities. One day last week there was a big luncheon party at which I saw such unexpected faces as J. C. Squire, J. B. Morton, and Mr. Duff Cooper. Elsewhere Lady Patricia Moore, Mr. Ivor Nicholson, the publisher, Mrs. Richard McCreery, and a man in a tartan bow tie at least six inches across added a touch of gaiety to the scene.

Miss Jennie Dolly, one of the famous Dolly sisters, being greeted on arrival at the Hungaria Club at Maidenhead by Mr. Gordon Selfridge, who attended her party there. The Hungaria is proving very popular with those who wish to enjoy a few hours by one of the prettiest parts of the Thames

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

NAUFRAGE is a fine-looking animal and had many admirers at Windsor. Was backed at 8 to 1 down to 11 to 4. Once looked like coming clean away but tired. Should win over five furlongs.

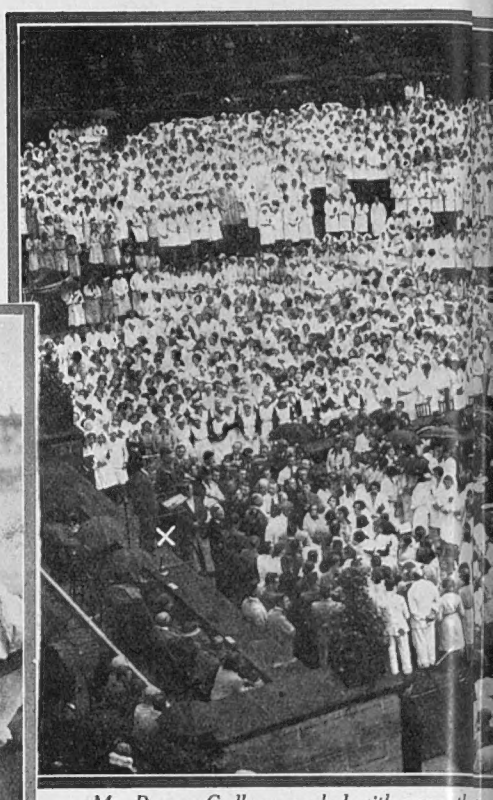
MAY BRIDE carried the big wagers of many cute men in the ring at Brighton. Began slowly and had no chance to recover the lost ground. Follow with confidence in similar class.

NAUTIGAL will have benefited by her race at Folkestone. Professionals played to land big stakes and were unlucky not to draw. Will improve on this form.

PICTORALAS ran well at Windsor, though he was unplaced. Will win over a course that requires rather more galloping. Was well backed.

NOBLE ARTIST is in fine trim just now and should be followed. Was a good third to Eve over six furlongs at Windsor.

GOLD STREAK has been well galloped since Birmingham and has only to reproduce her home form to earn winning brackets.

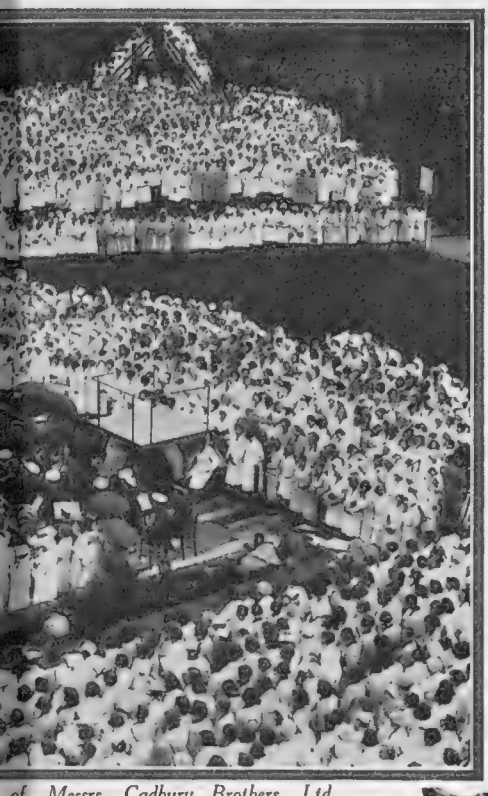


Mr. Barrow Cadbury, marked with cross, then addressing the employees at the firm's centenar National Saving Certificates are being distribu

The centenary celebrations of the famous firm of Ca ott town of Bournville, where the great industry founded by idb to Bournville are watching silv

IT is indeed one of the most astonishing things about London how certain restaurants, dance clubs, and hotels will have sudden waves of popularity which recede equally suddenly. Visits by Royalty have much to do with this, and yet in the case

A FAMOUS FIRM'S CENTENARY



of Messrs. Cadbury Brothers, Ltd., brations at Bournville. £50,000 in ng the workpeople, who number nearly 8,000

thers, Ltd., took place last week in the beautiful garden lbury has been carried on for fifty-two years. Visitors ly at work in the Dipping Room

HOLIDAY plans fill the air, and it seems that any number of people are going to make use of the new air service which is to take people direct to Deauville from Croydon, thus avoiding that all-night crossing by sea, which was what one had to do before if one went direct. Knocke, where they are soon going to hold the Belgian Amateur Golf Championship, for which several English players have entered, will also be popular. Other places like Munich, Pourville, and Wiesbaden, Carlsbad and Baden-Baden, will also have a large quota of English visitors.

Lady Perrott, R.R.C., who has been actively engaged in the Centenary Celebrations of the Order of St. John, of which she is a Dame Grand Cross. She is also the Lady Superintendent-in-Chief of the Nursing Corps and Division of the St. John Ambulance Brigade

Capt. J. Misonne, of the Belgian Army, on his horse, The Parson. He won the much-coveted King's Cup at the International Horse Show at Olympia this year

of the Ritz I do not think that any of the Royal Princes ever goes there. I speak, of course, under correction, but still, whatever the cause, the London Ritz is much gayer now than its sister in Paris, and so, indeed, is London as a whole.

I HAVE also heard of several parties of young people who intend to spend a week seeing the sights and night clubs of Berlin. They have heard breathless stories about the Eldorado and other night clubs and bôites, and intend to see for themselves whether these are really as dashing as they are made out to be. Incidentally, I have seen any number of those new German magazines devoted to the cult of the nude. More than one young bachelor I know has dozens of these periodicals, which I imagine have to be smuggled in past the Customs authorities at Dover and elsewhere. One can hardly believe that the authorities would approve of them, however much it may be argued that they are purely artistic in conception and pose.

THERE are several subjects which, when discussed, are likely to generate heat. Religion and politics, for instance. But for a regular furnace blast commend me to an annual general meeting of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which, not for the first time, became this year, most appositely, a bear garden!

IT seems to me to be a thousand pities that a society which does admirable work should hamper itself with such public displays of ill-temper which must reduce the number of subscribers. Surely it would be better to attempt to compose differences in private and let only "dogs delight to bark and bite" coram populo.

AN INTERESTING ENGAGEMENT DENIED

Last week the Duke of Norfolk issued a denial that there was any truth in the persistent rumours that the engagement between him and the Hon. Esmé Glyn, both of whom are seen in the accompanying photographs, is to be announced in the near future. The Duke, who is a subaltern in the Royal Horse Guards, is the Premier Duke and Earl Marshal of England. Miss Glyn is the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Wolverton, and a niece of the Earl of Dudley

GROSVENOR—MAYFAIR

MAYFAIR double-owe-four-three. Hello! . . . Hello! . . . Baa? . . . The usual Cupidesque rumours are being whispered around. . . . We always get them at this time of the season . . . and no paper is quite brave enough to print them. . . . A young and very pretty almost-Royal is reported as engaged . . . fiancé unknown, and a young Duke is wrongly coupled by gossip with the daughter of a well-known peer . . . .

* * *

TISSUE chiffons, flowered or plain, are so attractive. . . . I saw a lovely one at Ciro's last week, to discover it was being worn by the Duchess of York. . . She was dancing with her husband and looking so happy. . . .

* * *

HOW few women have personality. If divested of your name and reputation, would you be noticed on entering a crowded room, Baa? . . . Frances Lindsay-Hogg has a definite personality, and so has her lovely sister. . . . Monica Sheriff compels interest . . . and so does Wanda Baillie-Hamilton. . . . What is that you say? . . . the men? . . . Well, there is Winston's son . . . and Hugh Sefton. . . . What about "Tony" Knebworth? and "Naps" Alington? . . . Lady Carisbrooke was so cheerful when I saw her at Henry Van den Bergh's garden luncheon last week . . . in spite of the shock she has experienced over the Spanish Revolution. . . . Barbara McCorquodale was at the same party receiving congratulations on having done the first long-distance glider-tow in this country. . . . Rosita Forbes was talking to Lord Carisbrooke of visiting South America, and Lady Weldon ran in for a moment on her way to another engagement.

* * *

"OGGIE" LYNN and Bertram Park seem to divide the production of Society theatricals between them these days . . . and very successful they both are. . . . Lady Newnes loves producing, and is always ready to help amateurs by showing them their faults and failings. . . . Lady Douro looked so lovely at the Waterloo Ball that it seemed impossible that she should have two grown-up daughters dancing there. . . . Lady Weldon, with three sons, is another very young-looking mother; her second son is abroad for three years, but Tony and Terry are both working in London. Terry is a beautiful dancer and a most cheerful person. . . Everyone loves him, and he is always with the most beautiful young things . . . so he must have good taste. . . .

* * *

BROOCHES are getting larger and larger. Lady Mullens has one in coloured stones which is the size of a small envelope . . . and Sybil Pim possesses a huge oval outline with the coloured jewels only at the ends, which don't quite meet. . . . Clips are fading out of fashion, but they are so useful that one hates to part with them. . . .

* * *

HOW rude servants can be on the telephone. . . . There are two prominent Society women whom I hate to ring up because their servants are so disobliging and disagreeable . . . and a certain American has at last . . . thank goodness! . . . sacked her butler . . . who opened the front door with Debrett in his hand to see if you were important enough to be admitted. . . . Well, only a little exaggerated, Baa . . . I assure you! . . .

* * *

I SAW Lady Oxford and Asquith setting off for Wimbledon the other day. . . . She takes a keen interest in tennis . . . but, then, she is quite the most "alive" person I know . . . and ready to discuss anything at any moment. . . . She has a great sense of humour . . . so has Beatrice Guinness . . . to my mind a most important asset. . . . Nora Stewart-Brown is always amusing . . . in the old days one made an evening dress out of a petticoat . . . if one was clever . . . but Nora will make a good story out of a wet day and a tram-ticket. . . .

* * *

BAA, have you seen a certain young peer with his first . . . and divorced wife? . . . I have seen them together quite a lot lately.

* * *

PATRICIA COTTENHAM is so nice . . . and in the evening always carries coloured handkerchiefs with her monogram embroidered in the corner. . . . She was all in black the other night except for a bunch of white violets at her waist and a huge white monogram. . . . The effect was so chic. . . . Mythe Leigh, who is busy moving into a new house in Upper Brook Street . . . has her initials printed on her pale chiffon handkerchiefs, but the Embassy was startled by someone who arrived with a large chiffon Union Jack! . . .

* * *

THE Famous Beauties Ball was great fun . . . . the dresses were amazing. . . . Mrs Stanley-Smith, who says she is a direct descendant of Cleopatra, had four negro attendants to carry her. . . . A certain American, who wanted to impersonate that queen, refused to attend the Ball: the first charity event she has missed in this country. . . .

* * *

HAVE you seen the new way to wear an animal fur? . . . You join the two feet on your shoulder and pin there a bunch of flowers. . . . The Duchess of Roxburghe showed me how she did hers . . . a lovely blue fox . . . and a deep pink malmaison. . . .

* * *

DARLING Baa, I have enjoyed our talk. . . . Good-bye for the present. . . . I am off to the doctor; I've got such a crick in my neck from Hendon. . . . Good-bye. . . .

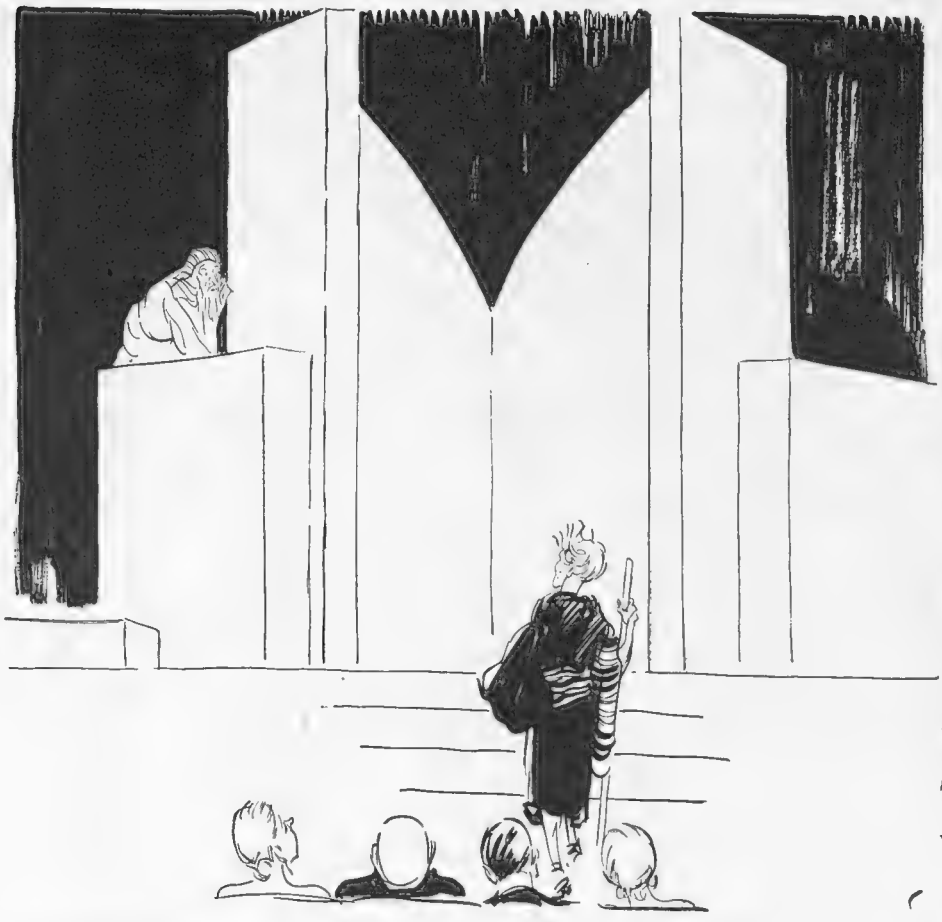
"IF'S"—By E. T. REED

IF EPSTEIN COLLABORATED WITH C. B. COCHRAN IN A REVUE
The "Ten Epstein Girls" would, of course, be the rage of London

"Nemesis," an Eternal Triangle sketch would curdle the blood of even the most blasé revue-goer

AT THE PLAY

BIBLICAL DRAMA, DEATH, AND AN



Please note this superb scene of the "newer technique," which you will at once recognise as a village near Capernaum. Judas (Basil Bartlett) can be observed rising from the stalls finding his father, Simon Iscariot (V. C. Clinton Baddeley), weeding the village green

"Judas," at the Royalty Theatre

THE Cambridge Festival Company has come to town! Their play, *Judas*, is a poor thing and calls for no remarks except rude ones. What does invite attention is the production by Mr. Frank Birch, who pontificates in the programme about the revolt against naturalism, and suggests that this defeats its own object by leaving nothing to the imagination. Personally, I found my imagination somewhat strained in trying to visualise what he calls the new technique, with scenery closely resembling children's wooden bricks used throughout as representing such different places as a village, a desert, a courtyard, the hall of a wealthy Roman's house, and some ruins.

STILL more difficult did I find it to concentrate on what was afoot on the stage when the auditorium was used by the cast and you were likely to be injured by one of the twelve Apostles rushing down the aisle if you inadvertently moved from a gangway seat! I am sure that many people with high-brow tendencies will revel in this production, but personally I decline to be impressed by a sort of Biblical *Wonder Bar!*

"Death Takes a Holiday," at the Savoy

THE Great Hall of the Duke of Catolica's castle sees some strange happenings one late evening in October. Outside a nasty sort of shadow is being often observed by the Duke himself and some of his guests, and it was this nasty shadow which caused a couple of motoring accidents to the party which might—indeed ought—to have proved fatal.

INSIDE, also, there is a feeling of mystery, as if something terrible was going to happen, such as the cook giving notice, while a telephone message reveals a miracle in announcing that a friend of the family who ought by rights to be dead is very much alive and indubitably kicking.

SKETCHES OF "JUDAS," AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS

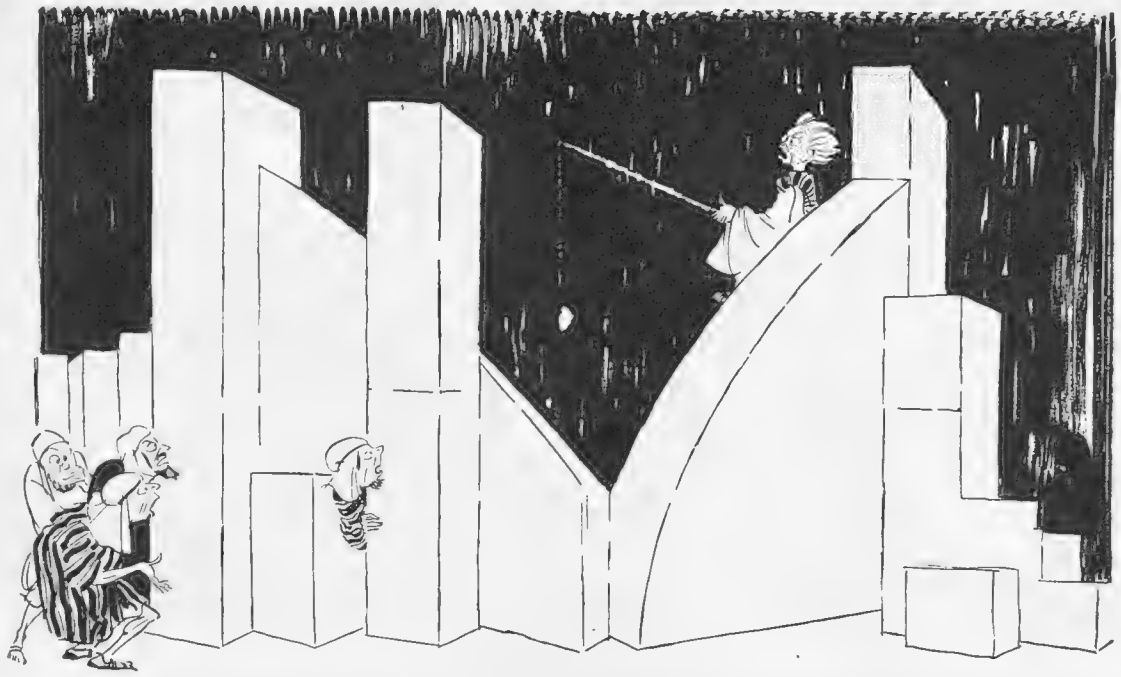
LATER on this shadow takes more substantial form. The Duke, already hot and bothered, goes almost ga-ga when there appears to him a figure which looks uncommonly like Dante, who announces that he is Death. Forgetful of hostly courtesy the Duke does not say "Pleased to meet you." Death seems really pained, and explains that he is taking a holiday for three days, so that there is no one in danger, and that he is having this little vacation to try to discover why he is so unpopular.

MUCH against his will the Duke promises to keep his unbidden guest's identity secret, and, discarding his gloomy trappings, Death is introduced to the house party as a Prince who has unexpectedly dropped in.

THE Prince starts on his investigations in a rather muddled sort of way, but finally seems to arrive at

INQUEST THEREON — By Vernon Woodhouse

the conclusion that in the main it is love which makes people want to live. Further, the Prince is so struck by Grazia, a girl engaged to the Duke's son, that he falls for her, much to the consternation of his host—not to mention his host's son—who is dubious of the girl's fate when the Prince's little holiday is over!



Here is another scene claimed by the producer to be a "composition attractive in itself," which our artist, with a ribaldry which we deeply deplore, has labelled "Judas fishing on the lock gates of the desert"

AFTER testing another couple of girls, and finding they don't care for him when his identity is revealed, the Prince is really delighted when Grazia still declares her "pash" for him, and as they both appear at the conclusion clasped in each other's arms while a green spotlight plays on their faces I regretfully came to the conclusion that poor Grazia was a "gone-un," which was a pity, as Celia Johnson made of this girl a most attractive creature.

IN case you may not have guessed it, I will now candidly say that in my opinion either Mr. Walter Ferris, the adapter, or the Italian author, Alberto Casella, has made a botch of a good and original idea. Quite apart from the fact that one keeps wondering what on earth he is driving at, much of the dialogue is of the cheap, double-meaning variety which, despite Ernest Milton's bravura, detracts unduly from the cold majesty of Death.

AS for the rest of the cast, a really good one in which Frank Allenby, Rosalinde Fuller, Clare Harris, and Mabel Terry-Lewis also figure, they made rather heavy weather of their job, which is really not surprising, for it is a deuced difficult one. They seemed as fogged as I was about the author's intentions. Only Fred Culley, as an antique Baron, who felt distinctly skittish while death was taking a holiday, had a clear-cut comedy part, of which he took advantage.

Also no one with imagination could possibly mistake this lovely setting for anything but the courtyard of Lazarus's house at Bethany, with Judas (centre) and a Blind Man (Percy Goodyer), a Lame Man (Donovan Maule) and a Paralytic (R. H. Ward) farther up-stage of three dimensions

"Inquest," at the Windmill

AFTER witnessing this play I feel I have missed something in the way of free entertainment, and if the average inquest is as amusing as the play of the same name at the new Windmill Theatre I would suggest a course of visits to Coroners' courts where, I believe, free admittance can be obtained if one claims acquaintance with the deceased.

BUT care should be taken to pick your coroner. One I have met in real life is a first-rate conjuror as well as coroner, but I doubt whether he would enliven the proceedings in court by giving a demonstration in prestidigitation! The Coroner in *Inquest,* by Michael Barringer, is, however, a most amusing cove, but unconsciously funny. In fact, there is lots of humour in this play which is evidently a faithful representation of a body being sat upon—which, I believe, is the technical expression.

BUT not only is the body sat upon, but the coroner too, for a famous K.C. makes mincemeat of all his preconceived ideas, and finally brings about a dénouement which is entirely unexpected.

I AM asked not to say what this is, but I am not forbidden from mentioning that Herbert Lomas is a delightfully fussy Coroner, that Campbell Gullan is an effective K.C. who delivers the K.O., and that the drama is effective in the safe hands of Hilda Trevelyan and Mary Glynne. V, W.

LES GRANDES FÊTES Anglo-Normandes de Falaise

DESCENDANTS of William the Conqueror and his Companions-in-Arms journeyed from all over the world to take part in the nine hundredth anniversary celebrations held at his birthplace, Falaise, in Normandy, which included the unveiling of a memorial bearing a roll of the Companions who fought at Hastings, the opening of a broad avenue named Avenue d'Hastings, and an eleventh-century pageant in which the Hastings singers joined with French players

A scene from the pageant performed in the grounds of the ancient castle of Falaise. William the Conqueror (Mr. W. H. Dyer) is seen forcing Harold (Mr. G. H. Child) to take an oath of allegiance to Normandy. Inset, right: The Love Court of William arriving at the pageant

Another incident from the pageant. Edith pleads with William the Conqueror for the dead body of her husband, Harold, slain by the Normans at Senlac. Among the descendants who were present were Lord Eustace Percy, chief spokesman of the British delegation, Sir Alfred Bower, former Lord Mayor of London, and Lady Bower, Lady (Ian) Malcolm, and Mr. Edgar Harcourt, the last named having no fewer than sixty-five ancestors who fought at Hastings

THE LAST OF THEIR LINE

MR. ROLLO PRUNE

By D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Illustrated by W. DE GROOT

IT was the habit of Louis XIV, that great gentleman, when he descended the staircase at Versailles each morning, to salute whatever housemaid or waiting-woman he might encounter there, or anywhere, with the same grave courtesy with which he would salute a Princess of the Blood. With much the same punctilious good manners, Mr. Rollo Prune, who had been brought up by old-fashioned parents, pursued his way through the London Season.

Without exaggeration one may say that this puzzled and dismayed everybody. At parties in Chelsea or Bloomsbury people thought it more than odd. When the short-sighted Mr. Prune, having inadvertently tripped over a rug, landed with a glass of champagne in the lap of some unknown girl or other, he would blush furiously and begin to apologise; for he was actually shy.

"Really," he would stammer, "I'm frightfully sor——"

"O.K., hell-hound," the beautiful creature would say indifferently.

"I do hope——"

"You what?"

Rollo Prune would blush yet more and stammer confusedly, appalled at the thought of his clumsiness, whereupon the unknown girl would say "Hoi!" to somebody, and an unknown man would lounge up, fix his eyeglass, and contemplate Rollo with entire lack of interest.

"I don't know his name," the girl would say, pointing with her cigarette to Rollo, "but he seems to be wanting to suggest something to me. Evidently something—well, anyhow, is that O.K. with you?"

THEN the unknown man, yawning, would take out a notebook and consult it, and say: "Well, get back by Thursday if you can, because of the Hargreaveses," and nod and lounge off again, and before Rollo Prune could apologise briefly for tripping over the rug he would find himself engaged in an affair of delirious passion. The modern world does not very clearly understand the manners of our ancestors, and when at last, about two days later at tea-time, temporarily disentangling himself from a close embrace, Rollo was able to explain matters, the girl would stare at him in astonishment.

"You were *apologising?*"

Rollo would gulp and nod.

"*Apologising?* What for?"

"Well, didn't I trip over that rug and barge into you?"

She would close her eyes, clasp him more closely, and murmur: "Too, too marvellous!"

"Charabancs full of touring Americans would stop suddenly in Piccadilly"

IT gave women a curious, almost perverse thrill to think that men like Rollo Prune went around being polite, and he rapidly acquired a reputation of the worst kind. Dowagers at dances, having privately ascertained details of his financial position, which was more than comfortable, would carefully warn their daughters against him, and heave a pleasant little sigh as, five minutes later, Rollo danced past with their daughters in his arms. Hostesses got into the habit of having "Prune" engraved coyly at the bottom of invitation cards, and Rollo became one of the sights of London. Charabancs full of touring Americans would stop suddenly in Piccadilly, and the guide, clearing his throat, would point at Rollo, who happened to be passing, and say:—

"'Ere we have Mr. Rollo Prune, the man with the manners." At which a stoutish lady at the back of the charabanc would observe brassily that way back home in Nashville, Tennessee, they had somebody twice as polite as that and twice as tall. The tourists would then snapshot Rollo and the charabanc would proceed.

LIFE is full of ups and downs, and there came a day when Rollo, having trodden by accident on the toe of a very lovely creature with green eyes and Titian hair the day after a disastrous letter from his stockbrokers, found himself, as usual, slightly dazed, embroiled almost immediately in a passionate

"'I don't know his name,' the girl would say, pointing her cigarette at Rollo, 'but he seems to be wanting to suggest something to me'"

MR. ROLLO PRUNE (*continued from page* 15)

affair compared with which the affair between Tristan and Yseult was no more than a chat between two barely acquainted house-agents. As usual, he was able at length to explain that he had merely been trying to say he was sorry for having stepped on the girl's toe; and, as usual, the exotic old-world nature of such a confession simply thrilled her—her name was Elaine—more irresistibly. But this time he recollected something more, heaved a little sigh of relief, and said: "I'm a ruined man."

Elaine stared at him.

"Ruined?"

"Yes. I haven't a bean. It's all gone. Look."

HE showed her the letter from his stockbrokers. Elaine read it and let it drop to the floor, and looked at him with eyes full of passionate tenderness. He was so different from the men she knew. She had never loved anyone, so far as she could remember, as she loved this strange creature, with his curious ways. She flung her arms round his neck.

As they stood thus locked a harsh voice spoke behind them.

"You cad!"

"I'm a ruined man"

ELAINE stood motionless, mechanically awaiting the moment when, as happens in modern situations of this kind, her lover would cast her from him and say sulkily: "Look here, old boy, it isn't *me*, it's *her*. She made me. It's not my fault. I've nothing to do with it." But to her astonishment Rollo answered simply:

"Yes, I'm a cad. It's completely my fault. Don't blame Elaine. She's innocent."

As Elaine's husband, himself dumbfounded at this, stared at Rollo, and fingered the revolver in his hand rather dazedly, a sudden shot rang out, and Rollo staggered, swayed, and fell, taking with him a small table and smashing a jade Buddha to atoms.

"I say!" he gasped from the floor. "I'm most awfully sorry! Terribly clums——" He tried to smile, and fell back.

"The dam thing went off by accident," said Elaine's husband. "Sorry," he added lamely, going rather pink.

"Not a bit," said Rollo, faintly but politely, and passed away.

"ROLLO PRUNE?" said Elaine subsequently, "*rather* a darling, but just a bit—well, *you* know. Yes, terribly odd. Rather—well, I don't know. My dear, *did* I ever tell you . . .?"

ONE good thing about the coming of hot weather is that people can stop drinking anti-freezing mixture.

E.N.A.

When on view in a toyshop window this doll's house, representing an old-fashioned cottage, greatly interested the Queen, who inspected it carefully and, learning that it was to be shown at a Garden Fête in aid of Guy's Hospital, bought a book of tickets for distribution among her friends. The model was built by Mrs. Fisher, of Fifield, and was designed and furnished in modern style by Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Hurst

BY FRANK FORD

"Yes, young ladies, I once lived for a fortnight on a tin o' salmon"
"Ooh! Not much room to move about, was there?"

William Davis

Jeanne Stuart, the attractive actress who plays the part of Greta in "After All," John van Druten's domestic comedy at the Criterion Theatre, which is one of the outstanding successes of the season and has already run for over one hundred and fifty nights

Sossip

FOR light holiday reading, let me recommend a natty little pamphlet, issued by the Labour Party, entitled "Thirty Things the Labour Government has Done." It is enough to make angels weep and cats laugh; or, if you prefer it, cats weep and angels laugh. The ordinary taxpaying citizen will find, however, little enough in it to laugh about, since he has to foot the bill for this wanton piece of vote-cadging demagogy.

THE only humorous aspect of the question is that those responsible for the pamphlet should recount, with an air of pride, that for which any Government with a shred of political honesty should hide its head in shame.

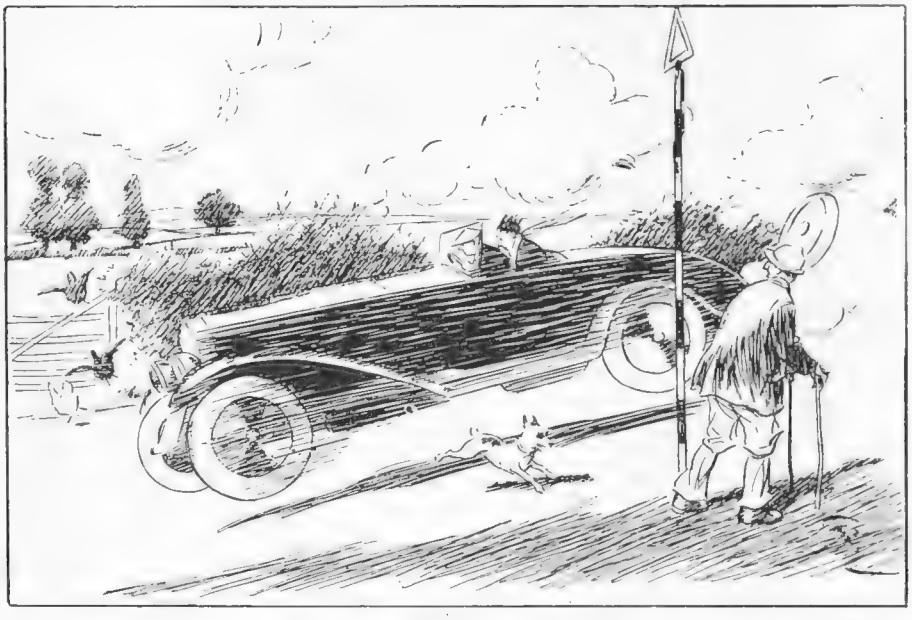
HOWEVER, let us preserve the holiday spirit and avoid rhetoric. Here is a proud list of the vast amounts of other people's money the Socialists have spent, together with an assurance of how very much more they would spend if, and when, they get the chance.

YOU can learn —and I trust it will bring as big a glow of satisfaction to you as it has to the compilers of a document which, twenty years ago, would have been incredible — that Mr. MacDonald and his merry men have added over a million unemployed to the benefit list, have removed the "not genuinely seeking work" clause, and have "financed its social reform proposals by increased income tax, thus providing £47,000,000 of new money." They have "added 300,000 to the pensions lists and provided 200,000 more to qualify on reaching the age of 55." They have also, they tell us, "assisted financially unemployment schemes costing £173,000,000 and providing work for 226,500 persons." They say nothing, of course, about the millions they have thrown into unemployment and the thousands of homes sold up by their wanton extravagance.

LABOUR'S own bright organ, snatching a little time from the poster display of handsome contributors, airily declares that the nation can afford all this dole business. It is itself in a spending mood just now, and Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like its Ascot representative.

MORE to the point was Sir Samuel Hoare's suggestion that the Socialist Party cannot afford not to have a large and growing band of unemployed. So far from unemployment being a thing the Government should tackle, they would cut their own throats by tackling it. It amazes me that anyone should be amazed at their dilatoriness.

THE Socialists have in one million, two million, three million unemployed a similar number of supporters with votes. "We give you the dole," they say, in effect, to the growing mass of unemployed created by their own incompetence, "so vote for us. See what we have done for you. The wicked Tories might economise, and then where would you be?"



THORPE

NERVOUS PASSENGER: "We m-must be d-doing nearly n-ninety!"
DRIVER: "Well, what's that? Campbell did two hundred and forty-five!"

We must

IT is easy to criticise, but here is one definite suggestion. £90,000,000 the Government are borrowing for the dole as a pure gamble (hoping that death duties, or something of the sort, will accumulate). National disaster, to which the Socialists, in whose eyes patriotism is a crime, are cynically indifferent, is perilously near. I believe it might be averted if action were taken by the Treasury chiefs.

THESE men are not of course responsible, as such, for Governmental policy; but, on the other hand, they hold responsible positions, very different from that of a mere clerk who has to obey the instructions of his superiors. If men like Sir Warren Fisher (Permanent Secretary of the Treasury), Sir Richard Hopkins (Controller of Finance), Mr. G. C. Upcott, and Sir F. W. Leith-Ross (Deputy Controller of Finance) were to resign in a body on this issue, they would render a great national service. It is quite likely that the Government would have to resign too, there would be a big sensation, there would be panic in the banks, and there would be greater panic still in Governmental homes.

THE Hoover debt arrangement is the happiest event of the season, and a good deal more than that. It put everyone in a kindly temper, and America's reputation went up with a jump just at the moment when General Pershing's childish disparagement of the British Army had brought it down to that part of the barometer which indicates "stormy." The sensitiveness of American authorities as to the possibility of American youth being contaminated by European association has always amused me. During the time when the "Doughboys" were making their first appearance in the streets of London, that eminent American publicist, Mr. Bok, came out with an indignant scream about the dangers to which these budding Sir Galahads were subjected by the public-houses and the public ladies of the Leicester Square and Piccadilly neighbourhood. After those Holy Cities, those New Jerusalems, New York and Chicago, poor old London must indeed have seemed a city steeped in sin. Some rather more logical British publicists managed, however, to blow a good deal of froth off the Bok. It now needs a few more people to do what Sir Eric Geddes, the *Daily Express*, and others have done, and to continue to prove that Pershing is not only spiteful but inaccurate.

Bassano

SIR CLEMENT HINDLEY, K.C.I.E.

The Chairman of the Racecourse Betting Control Board. It was largely owing to his organising efforts that the Tote proved such an enormous success at Ascot, and did such huge business, especially with the women, who were completely fascinated by it

HOWEVER, it is better to concentrate for the moment on the improved Anglo-American relations engendered by President Hoover's act. Coming from great things to a comparatively small one—dramatic criticism (for, although some of

The Marquis Imari (Leo Sheffield), escorted by Takemine, deigns to receive the admiration of O Mimosa San (Rose Hignall). A scene from the revival of "The Geisha," at Daly's. It was first produced at this theatre in 1896, but the passing of the years has not detracted from its charm

Sasha

O MIMOSA SAN

Rose Hignall as she appears as the little Japanese girl in the revival of "The Geisha." This part was taken in the original production by Marie Tempest

our critics would not have you think so, their efforts are not of world-shaking importance)—it is pleasant to find George Jean Nathan writing for a time in a London daily. He is, above all things, readable, and he wields a witty pen. If, having gently slanged London critics for their habit of writing about the players rather than the play, he devoted his first article to doing precisely the same thing, his inconsistency makes him the more human. This "guest-critic" business is all to the good. Should some enterprising New York editor feel disposed to offer me £10,000 and a first-class return passage in the Empress of Britain, I'm hanged if I wouldn't mind having a shot at the job myself for a week or two.

ISN'T it about time London had another Exhibition? I do not mean anything so elaborate, so expensive, and, incidentally, so inaccessible as Wembley; but some handy distraction such as was offered in the old days by Earl's Court or the White City. Paris is always organising these affairs, and a visit the other day to their Colonial Exhibition convinced me that the good, as well as the fun, that accrues from them is valuable in every way. I have rarely seen anything of the type better arranged than the nightly illuminations at the Paris Show, and crowds of foreigners were there, enjoying themselves and spending money. On warm summer nights (when there are any) Londoners can, of course, motor out to the hotels and clubs on the river; but this is apt to mean an elaborate and expensive expedition. I remember, however, with joyous satisfaction the dinners in the cool of the evening at the Garden Club at Earl's Court in the old days, and the wiggle-woggles and water-chutes and so forth. Even that rather boring contraption, the Big Wheel, was an all-round success. Yes, an Exhibition does much towards giving us a really brighter London—at an individual cost of little more than a bus or tube fare.

LONDON clubs are feeling the tightness of money somewhat acutely, and it is very difficult for them to economise. A staff of adequate size must always be maintained, but as often as not members do not use their clubs sufficiently to recoup the overhead charges.

THE old adage that Indian clubs are good for the liver but London clubs are not, hardly holds good nowadays when less and less is spent on wines, while a third furrow in the brow of management committees is due to the fact that membership is also decreasing. I doubt if there are half a dozen London clubs which can boast of a bigger list in 1931 than they had in 1930.

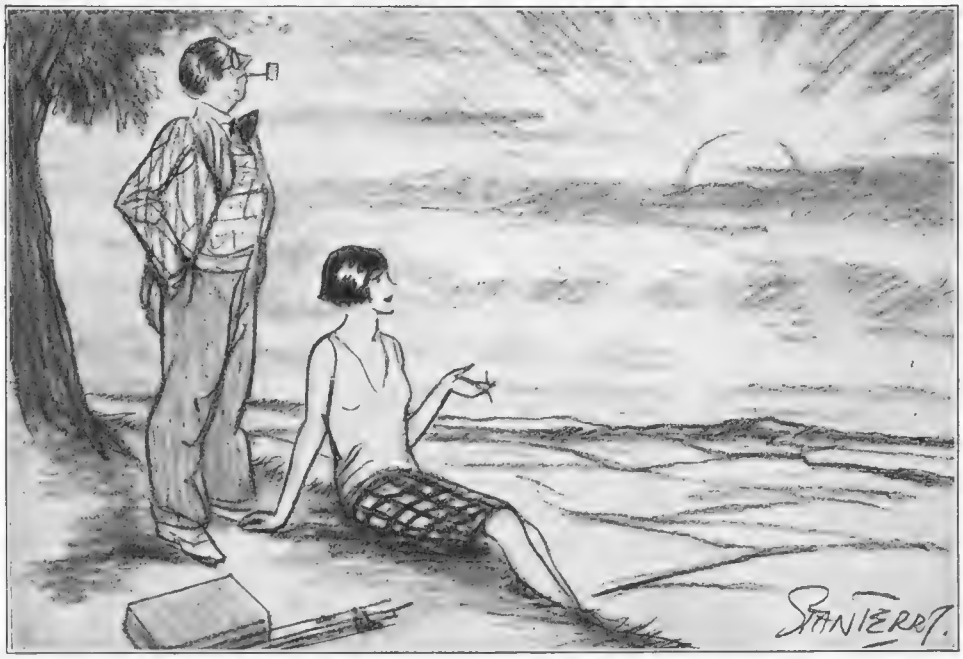
NEWSPAPERS, even when closely allied, do not love one another in that simple, unaffected manner which makes life so beautiful. A London daily just lately announced a thousand pound prize for an aviation stunt which had never previously been performed, and it was assuredly not from deep affection that a rival paper did its damnedest to take all interest out of this proposed competition by

An impression by H. H. Harris of Rex Evans, whose songs are proving very much to the liking of patrons of the Café Anglais. Rex has lost quite a lot of weight since his American trip, and the dotted line denotes the Rex Evans we used to know who was as heavy as his songs are light

Howard and Joan Coster

A HAPPY REUNION AT THE RUSSIAN OPERA AND BALLET

Major-General L. C. Dunsterville (left), the original of Kipling's "Stalky," photographed on the stage of the Lyceum during the first visit he paid to this theatre since the days of Irving. In the vestibule he met his former G.S.O.B., Capt. David Preston (standing), the Organiser of the Imperial League of Opera for Sir Thomas Beecham, and Colonel W. de Basil who commanded a regiment of Kuban Cossacks against the Tartars during the evacuation of Baku in 1918 when General Dunsterville was in charge. He is seen with his two friends, and Mlles. Beaudier, Lydia Pavlova, Michell and C. Pavlova



By Stan Terry

"A fine sunset, that"
"Yes, but rather cribbed from Turner, don't you think?"

taking time by the forelock and arranging for the feat to be performed previously and using the front page to "splash" the successful result! I look forward to reprisals, which, though they may not add to the gaiety of nations, will in all probability amuse the British public.

In these days when it seems to be the fate of new theatres to be turned into picture palaces, it is something of a novelty to find an old cinema converted into a temple of the Drama. That has, however, happened in the case of a picture-house in Windmill Street, which opened its doors under the name of the Windmill Theatre last week with the production of *Inquest*. I will leave my critical colleague to deal with the play, but a word about this new theatre must be given in its praise.

For once in a way, though the theatre is a small one, all the space has not been thrown into the auditorium, which is decorated pleasantly in peach colour. There is ample accommodation for strolling about during the intervals, and the lounge, with its green walls, is almost as attractive as the Hebes and programme-sellers, whose Dutch dresses certainly impart an air of originality to the scheme. Incidentally, it is easy to gain access to the bar! The lessee of the theatre is Mr. J. E. Watts-Phillips, whose father, I believe it was, wrote *The Dead Heart*, a French Revolution drama in which Irving the Great figured when he revived it at the old Lyceum and made us all shudder with his picture of a prisoner released from the Bastille.

THE VERY IDEA!

Writing in the "Daily Express," the famous American dramatic critic, George Jean Nathan, says that although the New York public have learnt that it is the play that matters, we in London are only concerned about the actors and will visit a theatre not to see a good show but to watch a favourite player.

WILL ye lie down beneath this snub,
Ye stalwarts of the Garrick Club?
Rise up and slaughter George Jean Nathan
Who dares to shake the self-esteem
Of Stageland's super, super cream
By writing in a ruder way than
Our English critics ever do.
The man is naught but a Yahoo,
A petty, persiflaging Pathan.

Arise ye frenzied female crowd,
Who shriek in accents shrill and loud
On first nights when you see Tallulah.
To think George Jean's the nerve to say
The thing that matters is the play!
What cheek! Could anything be cooler?
We've never heard such utter bosh.
In fact, those notions will not wash,
The "star" is aye the Theatre's ruler.

Why should we go to see a show,
Played by a crowd we do not know,
No matter though it's bright and clever?
We like to say, "This comedy
Of course, is feeble as can be,
But, darling, Blank's as sweet as ever."
No League of Nathans known to-day
Shall change our views in any way—
"The play's the thing" in London? NEVER!

B. W.

Dorothy Wilding

Madge Elliott and Cyril Ritchard, two of the leading lights of "The Millionaire Kid," the musical comedy now running at the Gaiety. They are seen in the short ballet which is the outstanding feature of the last act

FILM NOTES

Peter North

Here is Joan Barry, now acting in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." She has been very successful in films, notably in "The Outsider" and "Rich and Strange"

THE HEY-DAY OF BLONDES

Margot Graham, the heroine of "Glamour," which Seymour Hicks directed at Elstree. She is another blonde demanded by the film producers as essential to success

Janet Jevons

Dodo Watts recently appeared in the screen version of "My Wife's Family." She is another of the very fair in whom the producers place their trust as especially attractive to audiences

THE BLEACHED-BLONDE CRAZE

BY LIONEL COLLIER

To be a screen heroine these days you must be "white hennaed"; in other words, you must be a "platinum blonde." Jean Harlow, I believe, started the ramp, and now there is an English actress whom the public experts are trying hard to christen "Aluminium." Neither will rust, of course, but to be so labelled strikes one as being detrimental to the personality of either or both of these actresses. It may have been Anita Loos who started the craze by writing "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," but at least producers think the public prefer blondes for heroines.

If you want to be a heroine these days you have to be of the "platinum" variety; if you are to be a vamp you are compelled to produce raven tresses; in fact, it is essential that you should have them.

Well, let them work to the standardised type in America, but when Elstree starts a febrile imitation of American methods it is time to call a halt.

A YOUNG friend of mine, a charming actress who has won her way on the West End stage, went down to Elstree the other day at the invitation of the executives.

She has delightful golden-brown hair with lights in it which make one believe that it is sun-kissed.

This hair is part of her personality.

But the Elstree executives had the "platinum blonde" complex badly, and suggested that if she went away and was "white hennaed" they might consider giving her a contract. Her ability was not called into the question.

She was quite willing to do this if a contract was forthcoming.

But not a bit of it. It was an experiment which they wished her to make, and if, when it was done, it was not—as it would not have been—suitable to her particular type, she would not be wanted.

Need I say that she declined to agree to this one-sided bargain?

They told her that she lacked initiative. That if she had been an American she would have had her hair tinted on the odd chance of being given a part.

Geraldine Trent is delightfully intrigued by the author of "Obey that Impulse," whom she is to meet . . . but her Aunt Kate isn't. A scene in "Indiscreet," United Artists' new film at the Dominion Theatre, where Gloria Swanson plays the part of Geraldine

Marlene Dietrich, as the woman master spy, realises the game is up in her latest film, "Dishonoured," now at the Carlton, in which she appears with Victor McLaglen; the story was written and the film directed by Josef von Sternberg

In America! That's the rub. Just because America decides that it must have heroines of an albino type, Elstree, like a little puppy following on its master's heels, decides the same.

There is no thought of personality; there is no thought of ability. The one question is: Are you a "platinum blonde"? If you are not, how can you possibly be a screen heroine?

WAS there ever such a farago of nonsense? British screens have their chance now that the talkies have arrived, and they are deliberately throwing it away by a slavish imitation of what a foreign country of small mental development considers fit for its own people.

Our actresses are not all of a type; we don't want them to be, and I, for one, hope that we never try to emulate a type of white-haired fluffy nonentity as the be-all and end-all of stardom.

Both Germany and France are too wise to attempt it. Their actresses can be distinguished one from the other by their individualism, which is more than can be said of seventy per cent. of the American stars.

If we are going to follow their vicious example we are going to fail.

At the moment I do not advise any actress — and goodness knows we need them in the studios —to go to Elstree, where, from all accounts, what they want at present is nothing more than a "blonde-haired cutie" or a "black-haired vamp." Hollywood Moguls have standardised artists—but our artists will be the best, if British studios will allow them to be.

Elissa Landi, with Lewis Stone, in her second American picture made by Fox, "Always Good-bye," to be seen in England soon

AN example of standardisation is to be seen in Elissa Landi's second American picture, "Always Good-bye." Her individuality has been negatived by the way in which she has been made into a very familiar type of American heroine.

Certainly she is well photographed, but I still prefer the Elissa Landi when her hair accorded with her own individuality and did not attempt to emulate that of other much publicised American stars.

"Always Good-bye" has a dreadfully weak plot, and is thoroughly artificial, but, nevertheless, it is amusing and passes quite a pleasant hour.

This is chiefly due to the acting of Elissa Landi—in spite of her hair—Lewis Stone, and Paul Cavanagh. Her cameraman, too, deserves praise.

Ann Harding as Lady Isabel and Clive Brook as Captain Levison in a well-dressed adaptation of that old-time melodrama, "East Lynne," at the Regal

ONE of the few American stars who has kept a very distinct individuality is Gloria Swanson. Her picture, "Indiscreet," is replacing Chaplin's at the Dominion.

Gloria is an excellent comedienne, and also a very good dramatic artist—she scores, I think, by not being "choco late box" pretty—I hope she will forgive me for saying that, but it is the highest compliment I can pay her

The story is farcical, both when it intends to be and when it tries to be serious, and shows how a girl sacrifices her happiness for her sister.

A lot of it is sheer knockabout, but with a certain polish, and a subtlety which is wholly entertaining.

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THE "YOUNG ENTRY" AT THE INTERN

One of the outstanding features of the Horse Show at Olympia was the excellent horsemanship displayed by the many round the ring, and working off some of their high spirits afte

Specially Drawn for "The Bystander" by Gilbert Holiday

RNATIONAL HORSE SHOW AT OLYMPIA

y youngsters who took part in the Juvenile events. Above is an impression of some of them enjoying a "Tantivy" after braving the ordeal of facing the critical eyes of the judges

BEAUTIFUL ENGLAND—HARROGATE

One of the lovely garden walks running through the town which make Harrogate an ideal inland watering place. Its spa possesses properties for effecting almost every cure, but not only the ailing find enjoyment and health there, for golf, tennis, dancing, and music are some of the many attractions provided by an enterprising municipality

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

RENDEZVOUS

By F. E. BAILY

WITH a hand resting lightly on either hip, Joy Cathcart stood in front of the long mirror interpreting her own beauty and listening to the silence. She was alone in the flat. Its emptiness wrapped her about like some comforting garment. She smiled a little, because she felt that her personality could expand and spread itself till it touched the uttermost walls and still preserve a kind of spiritual virginity. The thought pleased her, for she loved her beautiful flat.

"A man came in, a tall, youngish man with the expression of one whom devils drive hard"

The perfect maid had served tea, laid out Joy's evening frock, and departed on her own affairs. With a sense of almost guilty isolation Joy began to explore her flat as though she had never seen it before.

She opened the connecting door from her green and primrose bedroom and peeped into the bathroom, admiring its green walls of smooth and gleaming glass-like panelling and its primrose floor and ceiling. The green-panelled bath fascinated her. She was accustomed to lie in it and imagine herself a sea-nymph resting in the hollow of some fantastic shell. Returning, she passed through her bedroom to the corridor, and entered an adjoining bedroom. It had an almost masculine neatness and simplicity. The dominant colour note was blue. Joy went forward and smoothed a wrinkle from the bed cover, shrugged her shoulders, turned and closed the door softly behind her.

The kitchen detained her only a moment, all shining white paint and white-enamelled electric range and refrigerator. From a shelf came the cold glitter of aluminium saucepans. You could not have found a speck of dust, because Flippance adored Joy and bullied the charwoman. And so Joy came at last to the sitting-room. It had a Persian carpet and a Chippendale bureau, enormous easy chairs, and a divan smothered in cushions of every size and colour. On the mantelpiece stood the photograph of a man.

He looked older than Joy, who was twenty-six. He had a thirty-ish air, slightly arrogant eyes, a disarming smile, and a well-shaped, intelligent mouth. His hair was crisp and faultlessly cut. His expression implied that possibly he might be led, yet certainly not driven.

With one carefully manicured finger Joy removed from the glass over the photograph an imaginary speck of dust. Then she stood on the hearth-rug like a man, feet apart, her back to the photograph. She said aloud:—

"It's my birthday, and I shall do as I please. I shall take myself out to dinner alone. I shall go to Giovanni's because—well, because I've made history there before now. I shall take any adventure that offers itself. Giovanni won't like it because he always looks after me, but Giovanni can go to hell. P'r'aps as a matter of fact I shall go to hell myself. I've been a good girl too long. You get nothing from being a good girl except the applause of the deadliest sort of people. Besides, I've just the frock to go to hell in; it's simply impossible to get there unless you're quite absolutely exceptionally smart."

(All rights strictly reserved.)

II

She took off the slickest of little grey suits from Sackville Street, put on pyjamas and a dressing wrap, and wandered into the bathroom. Sitting on the edge of the bath she watched the water foam into it, and added methodically handfuls of bath salts from a crystal jar. For a while she lay and dreamed about nothing in the scented warm water, dried herself, and went back to the bedroom.

There she put on musingly the other things that make life bearable—impalpable underwear, the very thinnest silk stockings that often, like certain butterflies, live only for a day, or a night, as the case may be; evening shoes at seven guineas a pair. Over them all came her frock, neither ivory, nor cream, nor pale yellow, but the soul of all three, very tight in the bodice, with a wide and sweeping, almost panniered, skirt. She had the greyest eyes in the world, and dark hair, and a face that would have made a perfect oval except for the character in her chin.

She hid the frock that was neither ivory, nor cream, nor pale yellow, but the soul of all three, under a coat of supple gold with a deep fur collar that merged into the night of her hair. The lift bore her to the street, and the hall-porter beckoned a taxi and shut her in with special care. He had been squadron-sergeant-major in a good regiment, which teaches a man to divide the sheep from the goats.

All the way from Sloane Street to Piccadilly, where jewelled necklaces of street lamps hung on the breast of the night and the Park made a background of mysterious green, hugging its secrets, Joy wondered what exactly she would do when she got to Giovanni's and whence would come the adventure. She had not even booked a table, but that didn't matter. Giovanni would disappoint an ambassador rather than disappoint her.

"And that," she considered, "is rather sweet of him because there are lots of richer and more beautiful girls than I am with still richer men behind them, but Giovanni remembers my palmy days. Perhaps he thinks they'll come again, but I expect he's wrong."

The taxi stopped outside Giovanni's porte cochère; a commissionaire, whom the squadron sergeant-major would have consigned to the cook-house, opened the door. Joy paid her taxi fare and passed inside.

She hesitated for a moment whether or not to leave her coat in the cloakroom, decided to keep it, moved slowly along a red-carpeted white and gold corridor to the restaurant's ante-room and sat down on a nearly Louis the Something gilt settee. Presently Giovanni himself, short, middle-aged, grey, with the lined, wistful face of a man who has worked like a dog all his life and the unmistakable aura of success, came up to her and bowed.

"Madame is dining?" he announced rather than asked. "We have reserved a table for Madame."

He knew perfectly well they had done nothing of the kind, and he knew also that never before had Joy entered his restaurant without having a table reserved for her, or entered it alone.

Joy smiled at him very distractingly.

"I don't quite know, Giovanni. Yes, of course I'm dining, but I'm not sure just when or with whom. I haven't booked a table, but it won't matter, will it?"

"Certainly not, Madame," Giovanni answered. "For you there is always a table." He smiled also, but reassuringly, comfortingly, as one who wished to imply: "There are peers and film stars and sailors and soldiers and diplomats inside, congratulating themselves on being under my roof, and a prince of the blood will arrive presently, but your mind can be at rest because I am your friend, and I am successful enough to be able to afford friendship."

She was now almost alone in the ante-room. She called a waiter with her eyes and ordered a cocktail.

As the waiter brought it a man came in, a tall, youngish man with the expression of one whom devils drive hard. He looked also incredibly fit and his clothes were so good that no one would notice them. When he saw Joy he froze like a startled animal. Presently she looked up, met his eyes, and let her own smile a very little.

"He looks," she reflected, "rather intimately acquainted with hell. No doubt he can show me the way."

The man hesitated. Then he removed the cigarette from between his lips, walked up to Joy and said: "Good evening. May I sit down?"

"Do," Joy answered. The man beckoned a waiter, and asked: "Will you have another cocktail?" She shook her head; he ordered one for himself; the waiter disappeared. The man went on:—

"How exactly the same Giovanni's always looks, doesn't it? Excuse me, but are you dining here with anyone?"

Joy shook her head. The man hesitated the fraction of a second.

"Would it bore you very much to dine with me?"

"I should love to," she answered. "Have you a table, by the way?"

"Yes. I telephoned for one."

"But weren't you dining with someone?"

"Occasionally," he said almost irritably, "one dines alone. However, I'm glad I needn't dine alone to-night.

"Evidently you've got a most convenient philosophy."
"That's my business"

Why did you go alone to Giovanni's to-night?"

THE head waiter came forward and showed them to their table. The ritual of service began to an obbligato of women's high-pitched voices and tinkling laughter and the soft throbbing of the orchestra.

"My name," she explained, "is Joy."

"Mine," he answered, after the briefest pause, "is Nigel. Shall we drink champagne, just to celebrate?"

"Thank you, Nigel. I adore champagne. May it be very dry, please?"

It came in its ice bucket; the wine waiter poured it ceremoniously into their glasses, she lifted hers, murmured "Good luck!" drank, put down the glass, and went on:—

"Do you know, you look as though you'd been driving yourself to the limit. What was it exactly? Work, play, a girl, horses? Don't tell me if you don't want to, only I'm interested."

"Just work. I've just finished a tour of the provinces, gingering up things and arranging a publicity campaign. I shall be off soon on the same job to South Africa and Australia."

He paused, and a brooding expression settled on his face. Apparently the prospect of South Africa and Australia did not tempt him. He went on at length:—

"You were looking a bit fed up when I first saw you. Have you, too, been suffering in the grip of a bitter destiny?"

She laughed softly.

"Why, no, Nigel; women don't suffer. They're much too sensible. I've just been playing and buying frocks and entertaining my friends and being entertained. The little things of life please us more than they do you. We only want to be amused and you always want to get something done. Doesn't it ever occur to you that enough's been done already even if no one ever did any more?"

"That's the whole trouble with women. They can't be impersonal. The mere abstract pleasure of achieving something means nothing whatever to them. They're just so many damned egotists."

"My poor Nigel, a woman must have treated you very badly quite recently. You positively ache all over still."

"One did, and I do."

A girl in a green frock, a slim, slant-eyed creature with gold slippers and red-gold hair, passing with her escort, smiled down and exclaimed: "Hullo, Nigel!"

"And is she the traitress, or merely one of the consolations?" Joy asked.

"Oh, neither. Just a bit of decoration, that's all. One can't always dine alone, and someone has to feed the likes of you and her, and Giovanni has to be supported."

"I suppose that's true. Can I have brandy with my coffee, please? And could we dance this particular waltz? You're so lovely and embittered I feel somehow I'll get quite a thrill from dancing with you."

HE took her in his arms with a kind of savage politeness, and let her drift to the rhythm of the waltz like a blown leaf before an autumn breeze. Presently she told him:

"You dance beautifully. I'd rather like always to dance with a man who has a broken heart. It seems to tinge everything he does with a sort of bitter-sweet charm. You even drank that very good champagne as though it were poison and you were jolly glad. P'rhaps you don't know it, but women thrive on disaster. That's why they enjoyed the War so, and make such good revolutionaries. All we can't stand is the same old thing day after day."

Looking down from an incredible height of male superiority he said: "The trouble with you is you need beating," and she answered:

"I daresay you're right, only unfortunately I've never found anyone with the pluck to do it. Shall we stop now? You must be dying for a cigarette."

They went back to their table, and a waiter instantly brought coffee and liqueur brandy. Joy gave a swift glance at her companion. For the moment evidently his thoughts were miles away. His eyes stared in front of him and saw nothing, the line of his jaw showed very clear through the tanned skin, the face muscles were set hard. She turned away and surveyed the numerous couples dining all round her. She thought: "Except for an odd pash here and there probably nine-tenths of them hate one another. Either the man won't give or the woman won't take, or they're both in love with someone else, or it's all gone stale and become a wash-out. What is this love, anyway, that we make such a fuss about it?"

Then she realised her companion had lifted the brandy bottle and was saying politely: "Do have some more brandy."

She let him pour it into her glass, and told him:

"Do you know, Nigel, I came out alone to-night with every intention of going to hell, and when I saw you I felt you were exactly the man to help me."

"My dear, what a child you are! People don't go to hell. Hell's within, not without. Personally, I came here because I was in hell already, and wanted a touch of contrast. Who said men weren't the practical sex? And then I saw you, and if ever a contrast to hell existed that contrast is you. That's why I forced my attentions on you, as the Victorians used to say."

"It was very sweet of you, if you mean it. You don't, but you were awf'ly decent to think it all up. So few men take so much trouble these days. You make me feel all weak and dewy-eyed and grateful. I don't know how I can ever repay you."

"Why, that's very easy. Dance with me again. The frock's marvellous, and you're marvellous, and in a week or two I shall be half-way to the Cape. I shall need to feed on memories, and I can't if I haven't any to feed on. But if I can recall the touch of your hand, the sound of your voice, the rather adorable wave that just outlines the curve of your head, and the way you rest against me when we dance, it won't matter a darn who else is or isn't in the ship, will it?"

"I'll try not to let it."

The dance band throbbed on, never interfering with conversation, and yet dominating everything with its rhythm like the beating of a wild heart. It pretended it had found the unattainable all these people were looking for in the bottom of a champagne glass, or a girl's eyes, or a man's note-case, and lied all the time, but very charmingly. Joy felt the instinct to hold and be held a little closer, because of a great savage, lonely and incomprehensible world.

They found themselves once again at their table. Presently she said:

"I've had the loveliest evening. Will you take me home now?"

He beckoned the waiter, paid the bill, went away to collect coat, hat and stick, and waited in the ante-room till she rejoined him. She came at last, trailing the marvellous frock, clutching the gold coat about her, snuggling her chin against the fur collar. The commissionaire called a taxi. Gravely Nigel asked the address. She gave it, and in the intimate darkness of the cab they glided away.

A little dreamy with champagne and brandy Joy told herself: "This is the acid test. Will he or won't he make me pay for my dinner in kisses?"

But he never so much as took her hand. He sat wedged in his corner of the seat staring out into the lamp-lit dark. Once he asked: "Are you cold? Would you like both windows right up?" and once he said: "We're lucky; we've got a practically new cab," and that was all. They reached Sloane Street, the cab switched into a side turning, and stopped before her block of flats. He got out and held the door for her. She found herself standing on the pavement before him, as she had stood before so many men after so many parties repeating the conventional words: "Won't you come in for a minute?"

He looked her in the eyes and answered:

"I should like to if you really want me to, but you don't have to be polite about it."

Snuggling her chin deeper into her collar Joy thought:

"He wants to put the blame on me. Well, I haven't been to hell yet, and that's what I set out to do."

So she replied with just the right inflection: "Of course I want you to, or I shouldn't have asked you."

III

METHODICALLY he paid the driver, turned and followed her. The ex-squadron sergeant-major saluted and took them up in the lift. Joy fitted her latchkey into the door, opened it, switched on the light, opened the sitting-room door, and pushed over yet another switch. Amber light flooded the sitting-room. He went in after her and shut the door.

"Do put your coat and hat down," she invited him. "Would you like a brandy and soda? You can't very well drink whisky and soda after champagne."

She had slid out of her gold coat and stood before him in the evening frock, her lovely arms bare, her face very calm and her eyes starry. He put his own coat and his hat and stick in the hall, came back and stood facing her, a tall figure, very controlled and resolute.

"Thank you, I don't think I want a drink, but I'll smoke just one cigarette if I may."

He offered his case. She took a cigarette; he lit it and lit his own. All round them hung silence, and from intuition he knew they were alone in the flat. She sat on the arm of one of the enormous easy chairs and looked up at him.

"It's a pity a woman treated you so badly. You look rather nice. I should have thought you'd be awf'ly successful with women. I expect you've got a feminine streak in you somewhere and give them too much. What you ought to do is to take from them, and then they'd respect you even if they hated you. I make you a present of that bit of wisdom. You might find it useful in South Africa and Australia. I expect there are girls in South Africa and Australia."

"It would be a little awkward for you, wouldn't it, if I lived up to your advice? For instance, you're very beautiful; we're probably alone; and I might want to make love to you. Supposing you refused, and I took from you? Would you respect me while you hated me?"

She smiled at him rather pityingly.

"My poor Nigel, how mistaken you are about us. It doesn't hurt a woman to be made love to. That's what they're for. She may make a great fuss and say 'No' and 'No' and 'No,' but you shouldn't take any notice. We have to put up a defence, but it's only with the idea that you should knock it down. You're pathetically soft about women, aren't you? I can't believe you ever had any sisters. That's a great pity. They'd have taught you women can bite and scratch and fight for their own hand fast enough if it's worth their while."

"All that's very interesting, but it doesn't make the faintest difference. You know my manners are far too good to let me profit by it. After all, one must live up to one's good manners, or why take the trouble to have any?"

"It's not a question of good manners, my dear, only common sense. Never in this world will you find yourself alone with a woman in surroundings where you could make love to her unless she's quite prepared to be made love to. Every man thinks he seems like a raging lion, but most of you are quite harmless little puppy dogs. You need protection from us far more than we need it from you."

He sighed, and crushed out the end of the cigarette.

"Almost you persuade me, but I couldn't bear to risk crumpling that beautiful frock. I congratulate you on your taste in frocks. It makes you look like a daffodil growing beside the waters of Paradise."

"I could take it off. I've got the most delightful dressing wrap——"

"Not if you were the last woman in the world."

He went over to the mantelpiece, and said:

"I see you still live in the same flat, but why do you keep my photograph on your mantelpiece?"

"Why not? It's my photograph and my mantelpiece."

"And why do you still wear your wedding ring?"

"I always think it's so stupid to hang it on a string round one's neck. If you wear it and you're a good girl there's no harm done, and if you wear it and you're a bad girl it gives a kind of extra kick while you're being bad."

"Evidently you've got a most convenient philosophy. Why did you go alone to Giovanni's to-night?"

"That's my business."

"Do you know to-day's your birthday?"

"Quaintly enough, I do. Why did you go alone to Giovanni's to-night?"

"Because," he answered wearily, "it's your birthday, and we always used to dine there on your birthday, and I have an insane romanticism which I frequently find most inconvenient."

"But, darling, it's a whole year since you told me I was a self-opinionated little So-and-So with the potential morality of a barnyard hen and the ideas of a neurotic demi-vièrge, and you would be damned if you'd stand life with me any longer, and crashed out of the flat like the devil in a high wind. Surely you can't be interested in the birthday of someone resembling a neurotic demi-vièrge?"

"You might tell me why you dined there, Joy."

"Partly I was trying to recapture, and partly I intended to go to hell just as you told me to, as a sort of celebration. But you were the only unattached man who came in, and I'd been to hell with you already."

"Recapture what?"

"Recapture," she answered, her voice suddenly strung like a piano wire, "the incredible state of mind when I was such a colossal idiot as to believe a thing called love existed and was so wonderful you nearly dropped in your tracks with the thrill of it, and men were dependable and women had the wish and capacity to remain faithful in mind as

(*Continued on page 42*)

Exclusive photograph by Janet Jevons

"MINE HOSTESS": LEA SEIDL

The charming hostess of "The White Horse Inn," who is unlikely to call "Time please" for many moons, since this wonderfully produced and attractive musical play shows no signs of losing its popularity at the Coliseum. Lea Seidl, an attractive blonde, has a good singing voice and plays with vivacity

PARIS GOSSIP

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland inspecting the Guard of Honour at the Elysée, during her visit to Paris last week. She was accompanied by her daughter, Princess Juliana, and her Consort, Prince Henry

"RACKETS" AND ROYALTY

By Sylvia Lyon

THE tradition of Paris now ordains that at one party a year there must be a row. Once upon a time, you see, a certain de Rothschild said to a famous jeweller, "I invited your wife, not you. I never invite my fournisseurs." There would have been a duel, not on the spot, but in the Bois next morning, had not a kind relative early the following day gone to apologise in the name of his brother. Of course, at the back of the whole story is another one: about twenty years ago the jeweller was involved in such a sordid scandal that the reference to his trade was a mere occasion.

THIS year there was not a threatened duel, but an actual fight on the spot, as the party of which I will speak was held out of doors a fête champêtre in the glorified back-yard of the Baron Nicholas de Gunsbourg. Elsa Maxwell borrowed the Gunsbourg house in the rue Raynouard, or perhaps they borrowed Elsa Maxwell. That is a mere detail; the interesting thing is that there was a strange come-back at this party, because, while it was Elsa Maxwell who two years ago wailed so loudly in defence of the jeweller, this year a dispute arose between Robert de Rothschild and an Argentine, and Elsa Maxwell had her face slapped by mistake. Police, with a great effort, removed the Argentine, and Miss Maxwell had to remove her false nose, having appeared as a nineteenth-century garde-champêtre, or "She Who Got Slapped."

Two of the striking fashions seen at Auteuil on the day of the Grand Steeplechase, won by La Fregate (Riolfo up). M. Doumer, the new President of the Republic, and Mme. Doumer, were present at the races

AT this party an egg appeared—I speak literally, not figuratively—and out of the shell came Paul Morand and Madame Fabre-Luce, née Faucigny Lucinge, he as the yellow and she as the white of the egg. A very jolly idea, providing you like eggs. The funniest costume of all was worn by Oliver Messel, who came as the hind legs of a horse. Ia Abdy, Gabrielle Chanel and Missia Sert came as Russian peasants in a horse-drawn cart. As Madame Sert has just returned from a voyage to Russia with Mrs. Otto Kahn, having heard what she said about conditions in Russia I wonder that she would even want to refer to it again.

PARIS has gone completely cinema-mad. Although the newly reconstructed and decorated Gaumont Palace in the Place Clichy has its six thousand seats filled every night, no other cinema is empty. "I *go* to the movies very often," said Mrs. Martha Hyde the other day, "but I never seem to get *in*. Last night I went to five picture-houses, but did not see one film. It was like being turned away from a door, and at the last theatre I burst into tears. What is the sense of going out if you can't get in?" If the Gaumont Palace continues to attract such crowds, perhaps there will be a revival of Montmartre life, which at present is non-existent.

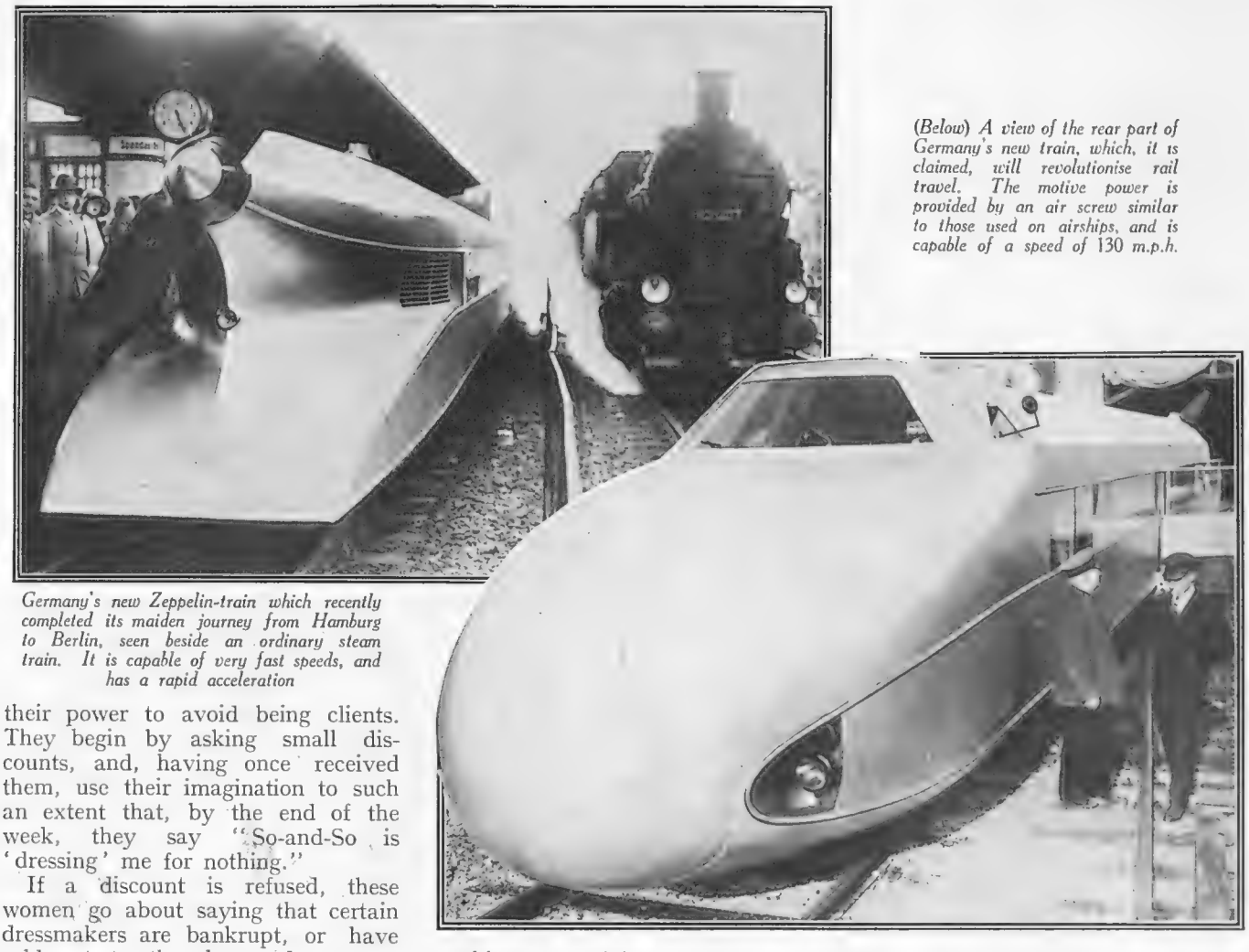
THERE is a "racket" going on in Paris that rivals the activities of the Chicago gangs. In this instance the culprits are society women, and the victims are the dressmakers. This is not, I may tell you, a story of models stolen to copy. It is that the clients of the big dressmakers for some years past have been doing everything in

(Continued on page 36)

AN ALLURING NORWEGIAN BLONDE

Greta Nissen, who was so successful in silent films, is to make her talkie début in "Women Of All Nations," to be shown in London shortly. She has signed a contract to make four more films for Fox, entitled "Disorderly Conduct," "Silver City," "Human Toys," and "Transatlantic," on which she is working at present

PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 34)



(Below) A view of the rear part of Germany's new train, which, it is claimed, will revolutionise rail travel. The motive power is provided by an air screw similar to those used on airships, and is capable of a speed of 130 m.p.h.

Germany's new Zeppelin-train which recently completed its maiden journey from Hamburg to Berlin, seen beside an ordinary steam train. It is capable of very fast speeds, and has a rapid acceleration

their power to avoid being clients. They begin by asking small discounts, and, having once received them, use their imagination to such an extent that, by the end of the week, they say "So-and-So is 'dressing' me for nothing."

If a discount is refused, these women go about saying that certain dressmakers are bankrupt, or have sold out to the large department stores. "It is as though," one dressmaker told me, "I *would go* to a grocer's shop and say, 'If you will make me a present of a tin of sardines I will tell all my friends that you stock the best sardines in town.'"

If one woman says to a friend, "Yes, I adore this dress. Frightfully expensive, of course, but I didn't have to pay for it. You see, X—— thinks that I have such a lovely figure that I show off her costumes to advantage, especially as I go about everywhere." Her friend, therefore, instead of wishing to buy a dress, has her jealousy aroused; why should she pay for a dress that her friend is given for a present? She therefore tries the same game, and, failing, spreads more venomous reports and does more damage than a morning's playful machine-gun firing and bomb-throwing.

M. J. Coudurier de Chassaigne, representing Marshal Lyautey on the British Section of the International Overseas Exhibition in Paris. He was for many years London correspondent of the "Figaro," "L'Illustration," etc.

I HEARD one woman say, "This model costs six thousand francs, but I didn't pay even a thousand for it. If you don't believe me, ask my husband." She was telling the truth, for nowadays it is the boy-friend who pays and pays and pays.

QUEEN WILHELMINA of Holland is in Paris with her daughter, the Princess Juliana, and the Consort, Prince Henry. There are certain unusual factors about their visit; the Queen, for the duration of her two weeks' stay in France, has taken a small house in the Chevreuse Valley, while Princess Juliana is stopping at the Meurice. While one hundred guests were invited to an official luncheon given by President Paul Doumer, causing such havoc to the traffic that the motor cars entered by the rarely used portal in the rue de l'Elysée and left by the faubourg St. Honoré, perhaps the Queen didn't enjoy herself very much. Otherwise, why were only twenty people invited to attend the reception given by the City of Paris at the Hôtel de Ville?

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF BRABANT are in Town incognito for a few days, and the Duke and Duchess of York are expected in Paris the fifteenth or sixteenth of July. To be reported next week, for I have not second sight, the gala kermess at Suresnes for the Foch Memorial Hospital, whose committee head is Madame Jacques Balsan, and a general résumé of the Grande Semaine.

S. L.

SOLICITOR (in County Court): "Don't you think you are straining a point in your explanation?"

WITNESS: "Perhaps I am, but you often have to strain things to make them clear!"

* * *

"WHAT makes you think I wasn't behaving last night?"

"Your wife said you were trying to get the cuckoo clock and the canary to sing a duet!"

MEN'S DRESS REFORMERS HOLD "REVEL"

The Suffolk Galleries have rarely presented so entrancing a sight as that of the members of the Dress Reform Party busily revelling and treating an admiring world to a glimpse of male dress as alluring as it is unusual. Away with convention, boiled shirts and well-creased trousers! On with open shirts, knee-breeches or no breeches at all! Let sartorial art be very unconfined and let the "Tailor and Cutter" do its damndest!

Members of the Men's Dress Reform Party airing their sartorial notions and their limbs at their very decorous Revel at the Suffolk Galleries. All the entrancing costumes seen above look too sweet for words, and we therefore absolutely refuse to say which—if any—of them we intend to adopt

Above: The Old Order of Evening Dress and the New seen at the Suffolk Galleries. The chief advantages of the latter seem to lie in the fact that the everlasting problem of how to fix one's dress tie really satisfactorily is abolished, and the time spent in getting a straight parting in one's hair is saved by hiding it all under a graceful turban

Left: The Countess of Mayo chatting with Dr. A. C. Jordan, whose motto is apparently, "In London do as Rome did." If his notion of dress-reform is generally adopted, our scientists will have a greater incentive than ever to find a means permanently to exterminate mosquitoes

FLYING NOTES

Looking like some winged monster of a prehistoric age, the Westland-Hill Pterodactyl Mark IV enclosed 'plane was one of the three Research type of aircraft that took part in the R.A.F. pageant at Hendon on Saturday last. The other two Research type machines were a Cierva Autogyro and a Handley Page

RACING AND HANDICAPS

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

FOLLOWING the success of the recent direct flight race from Heston to Newcastle comes the news that other races of a similar nature are now open for entry, or are under consideration. The time seems to be drawing near when such races will be a regular sport, and when that time comes the framing of rules is going to give rise to some fine problems. The rules laid down by the Royal Aero Club for the King's Cup Race have been subject to a good deal of criticism, and the handicapping of the aircraft will doubtless produce more.

Handicapping, in any shape or form, is always a thankless task, and the handicapping of aeroplanes will be subject to even more difficulties than those which confront other mechanical racing. The chief trouble will be the devising of a satisfactory means of rating internal combustion engines in such a way that will make unfair advantage difficult and prevent the development of freak designs. Motor cars, motor cycles, and motor boats have always been placed in classes according to their power units, and one supposes that aircraft will follow the same lines. If so, when the number of races has increased sufficiently to make it worth while, we shall see aircraft and engines designed with the sole object of defeating the rating rule. In the early days of motor cars the competing cars were of similar design to the ordinary vehicles on the road, in very much the same way that competing aircraft to-day are of standard design, but with the passage of time the racing car quickly developed into something altogether different to those found on the highway.

As air racing becomes popular the aeroplane will no doubt follow on the same lines, and reliability will be sacrificed on the altar of power output. This is bad enough with surface vehicles, but with aeroplanes the matter becomes much more serious, and, as the day is not far distant when the thing will have to be seriously discussed, air race organisers might give the matter some consideration in order that a satisfactory governing rule might be discovered.

Dr. Kipfer (right), who accompanied Professor Piccard, the Belgian scientist, on his famous balloon ascent of ten miles, has been taking lessons in flying. He is seen at Croydon Aerodrome with his instructor, Flight-Lieutenant Russell

New Aircraft

AS usual, with the presentation of the Royal Air Force Display, certain hangar doors have been unlocked, and we have been permitted the first glimpse of some of the latest Service machines which, up till now, have only existed as whispered rumours. Probably one of the most impressive of these "dark horses" is the new Vickers night-bomber, fitted with four Rolls-Royce Kestrel engines, which are mounted in tandem pairs between the wings. Prophesy in the matter of aircraft is a dangerous thing, but it would not be surprising if, when the performance figures are published, the new Vickers bomber is found to be the fastest aircraft of its type in the world, which, as we have the fastest fighter, is all as it should be. The new machine has been designed as a replacement for the Vickers Virginias night bombers which have been in service for several years.

The Schneider Trophy

FROM the Supermarine Works of Vickers (Aviation) the first of the reconditioned high-speed racing seaplanes, the Supermarine Rolls-Royce "S.6" has now been delivered to Calshot Air Base where the R.A.F. Schneider Trophy team is in training for the 1931 contest. This particular machine is the "N.247," the winner of the event in 1929 when flown by the late Flight-Lieut. H. R. D. Waghorn, A.F.C., and was used by Squadron-Leader A. H. Orlebar, A.F.C., who again is commanding the British team, when he established the world's record of 357.7 m.p.h. on a specially measured course between Fawley and Calshot. It is anticipated that the modifications which have been effected, both to the machine and to the Rolls-Royce engine, will be productive of an increased speed.

Mr. R. J. Mitchell, who is again responsible for the design of the two new "S.6" seaplanes, is naturally reticent as to the nature of the improvements which have been effected, also with regard to the progress of the additional machines. It may, however, be stated that the position in each case is regarded as being very satisfactory.

When high-speed practice is in progress, a signal, a white cross of two stripes measuring 18ft. by 3ft., will be displayed from the end of Calshot Spit and at the north end of the tarmac between the hangars at Lee-on-the-Solent. The practice area is bounded by Calshot Castle, Stone Point, Egypt Point, Browndown Point and Chitting. Private owners please note that until after the contest no other aircraft is allowed to enter this area under 1,500ft.

A FEAST OF FUN AT THE ALDWYCH

A scene from "Turkey Time" at the Aldwych Theatre. David Winterton (Ralph Lynn), explains to Max Wheeler (Tom Walls), on the right, how, under a misapprehension during a taxi ride, he became engaged to the wrong girl

Rose Adair (Winifred Shotter), the heroine of "Turkey Time," a pierrot artist who is left with no money, but more than one admirer

The much married Edwin Stoat (J. Robertson Hare) attempts to settle a little difference between Mrs. Gather (Mary Brough), centre, an invader of his house and home, and his indignant housemaid, Flo (Marjorie Corbett)

THE HON. THEODORA BENSON

The author of "Shallow Water" (Grant Richards: 7s. 6d.). She is the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Charnwood

CHINA, COCKTAIL STORIES AND CRIME

By "Junius"

RECENT events in India and China, and the rapid Westernisation of Japan, have torn asunder the veil of glamour through which we used to look upon them. But that glamour and high romance can still be culled in the East is proved by *The Perfume of the Rainbow* (Benn: 7s. 6d.), by L. Adams Beck. To begin with, the title is a suggestion of exquisite beauty, and the title is the keynote of the book. The author says in a preface: "This is a book of dreams and delights gathered in many wanderings in the by-ways of the Orient." This is true. Mr. Beck has caught the elusive spirit of the East and chained it in his pages. Sometimes you are reminded of delicate Chinese miniatures—a world of gorgeous palaces with porcelain roofs, and "tree-peonies ranging from snow-drift white to the luminous purple that is black in the deep heart of the flower." Then, of vast, impenetrable jungles. You pass from Imperial splendour to the greatest self-abnegation.

I WISH I had more space to write about this beautiful book—beautiful is the only adjective that describes it fittingly. Out of its sixteen stories, "The Day Book of a Court Lady of Old Japan" has impressed me most. It is part of the diary of a lady-in-waiting to an Empress of Japan, a thousand years ago. The diary is a classic in Japan, and Mr. Beck, with a Japanese friend, is engaged on a full translation. Parts of it have already been translated by Mr. Aston and Mr. Sansom, well-known Japanese scholars.

THE diarist was the Lady Sei. She was a lady of definite character, and tabulates her feelings. Under "things hateful" are "Bad writing on pink-tinted paper"; "A quite ordinary person talking in a boastful way"; "A dog who barks in recognition of your lover when he comes to pay you a clandestine visit." Then "the things that make your heart beat"—"When your lover takes out a letter and hands it to you"; 'Watching horse races." Among "things that do not look promising," is "A flighty and fickle husband who takes to staying out all night." And amongst "things enviable," "People who overtake you without effort while you're panting uphill to a shrine."

East or West, the human creature has not changed in the last thousand years. All these reflections might have been written to-day. As I have said, *The Perfume of the Rainbow* has caught and enchained the glamour of the East.

MR. A. P. NICHOLSON

Whose novel, "Who Goes Home?" is reviewed in this article. It is published by Benn at 7s. 6d.

THE genus "diner-out"—the man who dined out on his wit and stories—is rapidly disappearing because each year the number of dinner-parties in private houses grows less and less. And your raconteur can't sparkle at a restaurant, where most of his fellow-guests are too occupied in watching the occupants of other tables to give him their undivided attention. There's nothing more damping and dispiriting for a dinner-table wit than to see, just as he reaches the point of a story, the eyes of the lady guests fixed on a neighbouring table. He knows they are wondering if Lady Little MacBig's pearls are real or artificial. To such of these enliveners of dinner-parties who still remain with us, and to everybody who likes a good story, I recommend — with gratitude to the collector—*Over the Cocktails* (Alston Rivers: 3s. 6d.), by R. J. B. Sellar.

I "PINCH," without any apology, two of Mr. Sellar's stories.

"A country Vicar's wife died, and the Bishop was somewhat startled to receive the following letter from the widower: 'My Lord, I regret to inform you of the death of my wife. Can you possibly send me a substitute for the week-end?'"

And this of the Women's Golf Championship. "During the progress of this dire struggle on a damp day an elderly lady was discovered sitting at the edge of a fairway, oblivious to the projectiles which whizzed about her. At last a player remonstrated with her politely. 'Don't you know,' she enquired, 'that it's dangerous to be sitting there?' 'Oh, no,' said the culprit blandly, 'I'm all right, thanks. I'm sitting on a mackintosh.'"

If you want to have a happy chuckle when you are feeling disgruntled, I recommend you to keep a copy of *Over the Cocktails*, by your chair or bedside.

YOU often hear the expression, "full-dress biography." Well, Mr. A. P. Nicholson—the well-known "A. P. N."—has written a "full-dress" novel, *Who Goes Home?* (Benn. 7s. 6d). And a rattling good story it is, placed amongst "Matters of State and of might; Things that

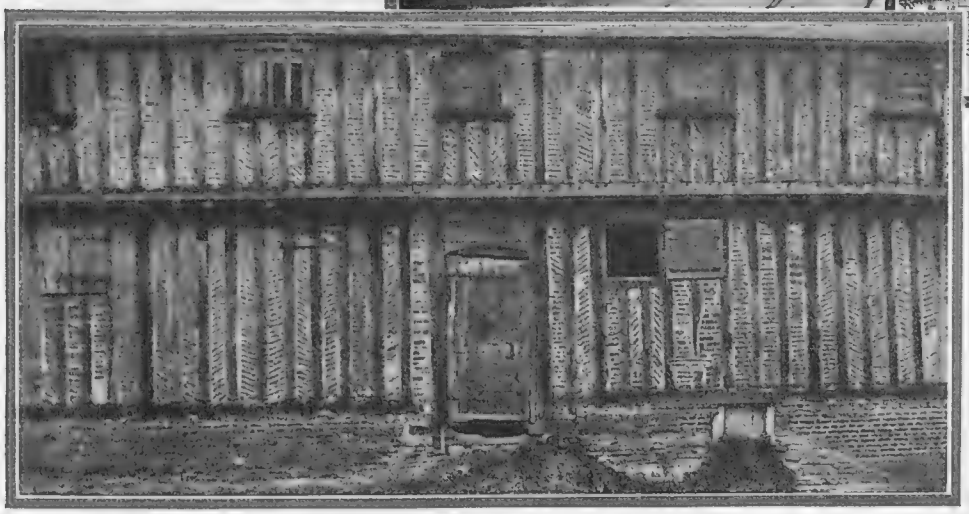
(Continued on page 42)

An ESSEX MANOR HOUSE of Edward IV's Time

Colville Hall, White Roding, Essex, has just been restored with remarkable skill and antiquarian knowledge by Mr. Nelson Lawrence of Sawbridgeworth, for Mr. Philip Page. Built in 1480, it was the seat of the Everard family, and was occupied by Sir Anthony Browne, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in the reign of Elizabeth. Sir Anthony entertained the Queen in the Banqueting Hall, and to commemorate her visit erected a handsome arch, still in a fine state of preservation

Mr. Billy Leonard, the well-known actor, and Miss Mimi Crawford, dressed for hard work as a gardener, before a wall of Colville Hall, built before the Wars of the Roses

Mr. Philip Page, the well-known dramatic and music critic, in front of a corner of his ancient week-end retreat in Essex



Above: A corner of the old Banqueting Hall, with the ancient rafters and windows and floor-boards of Edward IV's time, with, inset, a general view of the building. The floor is uneven and would be hard to dance a modern step to, but the measures of the age were no doubt footed there

Left: Among the outbuildings is this superb specimen of 15th-century brickwork, considered to be the finest Tudor barn in the country

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (*continued from page 40*)

great Ministers do." When the story opens Sir Richard Garriock, a soldier and landowner, is Under-Secretary of State for India, and everything points to his ultimately being Prime Minister. But he himself destroys his future. He has a weakness for women, and becomes entangled with Dolly Brandon, the wife of Sidney Brandon, who is also in the House and one of his colleagues.

The lady wants divorce and marriage to Garriock. In order to prevent her confessing to her husband, Garriock challenges Brandon to a fencing-bout. With diabolical ingenuity he "hammers" his foil the night before. This makes a flaw in the steel, which enables him to break the blade on Brandon's guard whilst making a lunge. The jagged end of the blade remaining in the hilt enters Brandon's throat, and he dies almost immediately. Then, although outwardly distressed, Garriock goes to the House. But rumour and gossip grow busy, and soon all his world is saying that he murdered Brandon. News of this comes to Brandon's mother, Lady Staines, and at a brilliant reception at the India Office she publicly accuses Garriock of being her son's murderer.

Garriock has no alternative but to bring an action for slander. He loses the action, and is then arrested on a charge of murder. Of this charge he is acquitted, but when he returns to the House of Commons he finds hostility in place of the welcome he had expected. He has been drinking heavily, and maddened by his reception, staggers out into the courtyard where he re-enacts the murder, mistaking the statue of Richard Cœur de Lion for the unfortunate Brandon. As he repeats the fight his drunken ravings tell the spectators the truth.

The trial at the Old Bailey is masterly in description; and the atmosphere of high politics gives an added thrill to all the astonishing happenings in Garriock's career. What can be truly called an enthralling book.

Is a new fashion starting? That is for novels to have prefaces by well-known writers? Mr. Hugh Walpole has already stood prefatorial godfather for a novel about poaching days and ways in Cumberland. Now, Miss Ethel Mannin stands prefatorial godmother to *The Lady and the Mute* (Chapman and Hall: *7s. 6d.*), by John Lindsey. Miss Mannin tells us that Mr. Lindsey is twenty-two and that this is his third novel. She says that *The Lady and the Mute* is "not everybody's book."

She is quite right. It is a book which will repel a good many people, who, unlike Miss Mannin, will entirely fail to see that it has "a violent, savage poetry and beauty of its own, and that flame-like passion which comes very near to genius."

The heroine is an old maid of seventy; the hero is deaf and dumb. Agatha Green's protection of the mute against the cruelty of the village is understandable, but the last chapter but one is painful reading. Mr. Lindsey is young and therefore uses only two colours—black and white. But—if he can tear himself from certain obsessions—he has such a sense of character, an understanding of Nature, and the gift of just expression, that one day he should write a big book. Only he must use a wider canvas and realise that human goodness and human evil are about equal—not that human evil is predominant.

"Junius."

RENDEZVOUS (*continued from page 32*)

well as body. I wanted to go all drunk on a fairy tale and I couldn't, but fortunately you came along and bought me that awf'ly good champagne."

"And what have you been doing all this year that I haven't seen you?"

Her voice became normal again and she smiled at him just as competently as though they had never been married.

"Exactly what I told you—playing and buying frocks, and entertaining my friends and being entertained. My golf handicap's down to ten, and I'm well on the right side for the year at bridge. Quantities of men have tried to make love to me. It seems to give one an added charm to be a lone cat once more."

"It sounds perfectly marvellous, Joy."

"But you," she went on thoughtfully, "don't look as if your freedom agreed with you. You're thinner, and if you were a woman I'd say you'd gone a bit haggard. Of course, men never go haggard. They just acquire an interestingly shattered appearance. Did I drive you to dissipation, Nigel, whatever that is? Do you drink more and seek the society of young women who stick at nothing?"

"To tell you the truth, I've done a tremendous lot of work this year. You see, I suggested forming a subsidiary company to market our products, and I've been all over the place establishing branches. Then they appointed me managing director, and that's why I'm off on this hurrah cruise overseas. There hasn't been a great deal of time for wine, women and song."

"I have heard men sometimes flagellate themselves with work when all else fails. It was nice of you, by the way, to make me such a generous allowance. Do you like this room? I've done it over since you left. Personally, I adore the damask curtains."

The utter silence of the flat seemed almost to thunder on their ears. It was long past midnight. Watching him with intentness she saw that all expression had faded out of his face, leaving it a complete mask. She lived an eternity in a few seconds, and then she heard him saying:

"Well, I must go. I shan't be back in England for at least nine months, but my lawyer has full powers if you happen to want anything in particular. Do let me congratulate you on the frock. You always had the nicest frocks of anyone I know, but this one's the best of them all. And, of course, the damask curtains are perfect."

A curious little smile began to play round her mouth. Then she said: "Wait one moment," and was gone. When she came back she wore in place of her frock the very impalpable dressing wrap. She went up to him, put her arms round his neck, and laid her cheek against his.

"It's very late," she explained, "and you're rather tired, and one night isn't anything to you in a lifetime. I think you'd better stay, don't you? You can put me to bed as you used to do, and bring me my letters in the morning, and drink your early tea with me. It needn't count one way or the other, and to-morrow, if you like, you shall go away and never come back. I think your life's been too beastly efficient lately, Nigel, darling. You need to have it disturbed a little by some silly, illogical, irresponsible, unpractical fool of a woman. I wouldn't ask you to stop if I wasn't still pretty. Besides, in a week or two you'll be half-way to the Cape, and, as you said, you'll need to feed on memories. Perhaps I could give you, even now, one or two memories."

He took her face between his hands, looked in her eyes, and demanded:

"Do you honestly want me to stay?"

"I do rather, if you do, seeing it's my birthday."

When he had finished kissing her she linked her arm in his and led him gently out into the corridor along to the room next hers, went in, and drew back the blue bedcover.

"You see," she told him, "everything's ready. I housekeep perfectly."

"But, darling, I've no kit or anything."

"If it doesn't strike you as indelicate I can lend you a razor. And when I packed up your things to send to you I kept back a suit of blue silk pyjamas in one of those rare moments of sentiment even the worst women have. You used to look rather specially nice in them, with your hair all rumpled. And Flippance will bring you your tea in the morning and never say a word. You know how they always love looking after men."

She gave the room that photographic glance of the housekeeping female, which nothing escapes, and nodded as though satisfied.

"The pyjamas are in the drawer of the dressing chest," she ended. "Don't be ever so long, will you? I'll be ready in five minutes."

F. E. B.

LAWN TENNIS

ENGLAND'S FINE PLAY AT WIMBLEDON

A group of Wimbledon competitors played by cheery international from left to right: Mlle. Sigart Mrs. Satterthwaite, Mrs. Pittman, Mlle. Berthet, Mme. Mathieu, Miss M. A. Thomas which shows that the game can be players of good looks. Reading (Belgium), Mlle. Metaxa (France), Miss Joan Ridley (of England), Mlle. Adamoff (of France), and (England)

THIS issue of THE BYSTANDER will be in the hands of readers before the winner of the Men's Singles championship for 1931 will have been proclaimed at Wimbledon. Writing before the event, I do not know whether an Englishman will even figure in this year's final, but that will not alter the fact that 1931 will go down as a year in which there has been a real revival in the standard of lawn tennis as played by Englishmen. Not for years and years have so many figured in the last sixteen.

AND it must be remembered that never before has world competition been more severe. Good players come from the ends of the earth to fight for the Championship at Wimbledon, and good though they are, many were beaten in the early rounds by the home-made product, while some of the Englishmen who fell early by the wayside did not go down without a struggle.

F. J. Perry, the seeded English player, who adds grim determination and a fighting spirit to a fine repertoire of strokes. He is here seen employing a greatly improved back-hand stroke

We expected our Davis Cup nominees to do well, but others who are not of that exalted band have also proved that English play is on the up grade, and gives high hopes for the future.

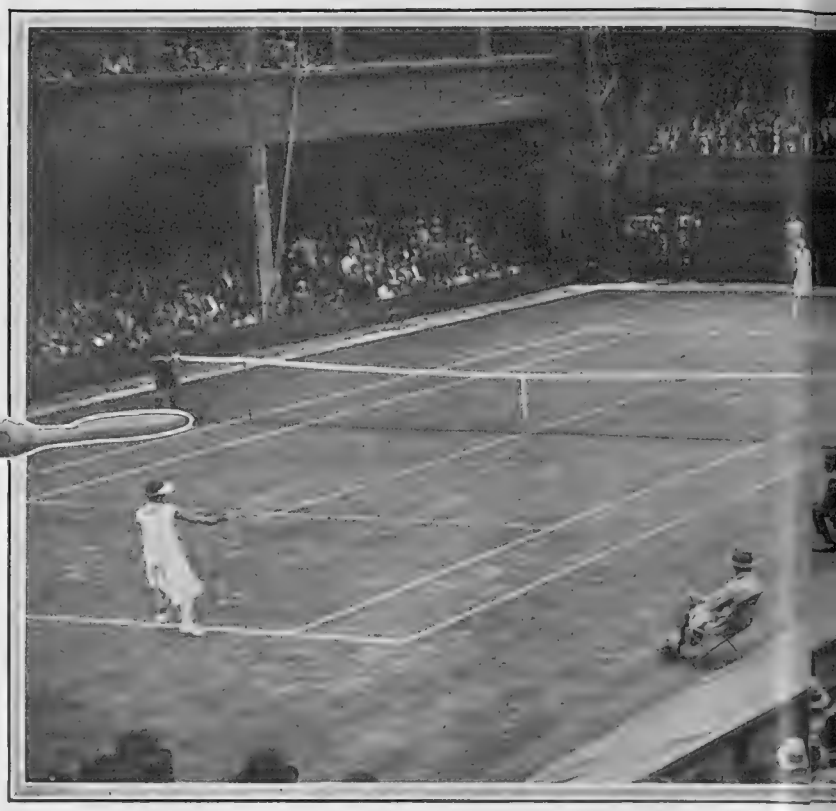
OUR good women players, even though their in-and-out form is the despair of selectors, are also increasing in numbers, but having also watched them in action I feel that some of the younger ones would improve their game if a wily tactician were employed to coach them. The "biff" is all very well, but matches are more easily won by court craft allied with speed of stroke.

LAWN tennis seems to increase in popularity year by year, and the crowds at Wimbledon have been more than up to the average, despite the fact that such "stars" as Tilden and Helen Wills are not shining this year, for it is a mournful fact it is the player and not the game which draws the great majority of spectators.

From the point of view of English lawn tennis, Wimbledon should be used to educate our youngsters who play the game and are keen on playing it better, as much can be learnt by watching intelligently, and I hope that this aspect of the Championship may not be lost sight of by the authorities. Those showing promise should be provided with accommodation even at the cost of eliminating some of the spectators, who seem to think that the killing of a short lob is the most brilliant shot in lawn tennis!

P. T.

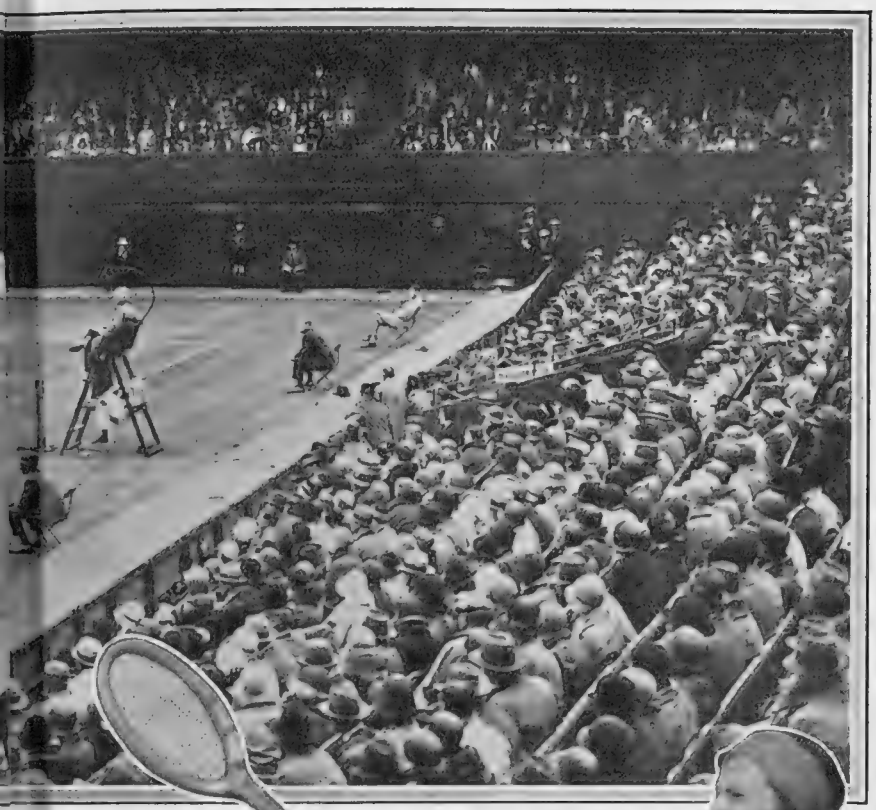
S. B. Wood, America s youngest hope, who in the earlier stages of the Singles Championship had no difficulty in winning his matches without the loss of a set. A beautiful player, he has no apparent weakness, and therefore is the more difficult to tackle



An early sensation was caused by the defeat of Senorita de Alvarez, thrice a finalist, in the tour Singles, when she was fairly and squarely beaten by Miss Dorothy Round. The photograph she gress on Court One with Miss Round in the distance. The Senorita was a seeded play Miss Mudford and H. Cochet, in providing a surprise

Jean Borotra, the French champion, who, in the intervals of flying to Paris, finds time to delight the crowds at Wimbledon by playing a little tennis, and playing it very well. He is here seen making a back-hand volley

H. W Austin, lucky in being seeded in a fairly innocuous portion of the draw, raised hopes of bigger triumphs to come by the manner in which he polished off the initial opposition he was called upon to face. Austin's experience, gained in all quarters of the globe, has done much to increase his severity of stroke and physical strength



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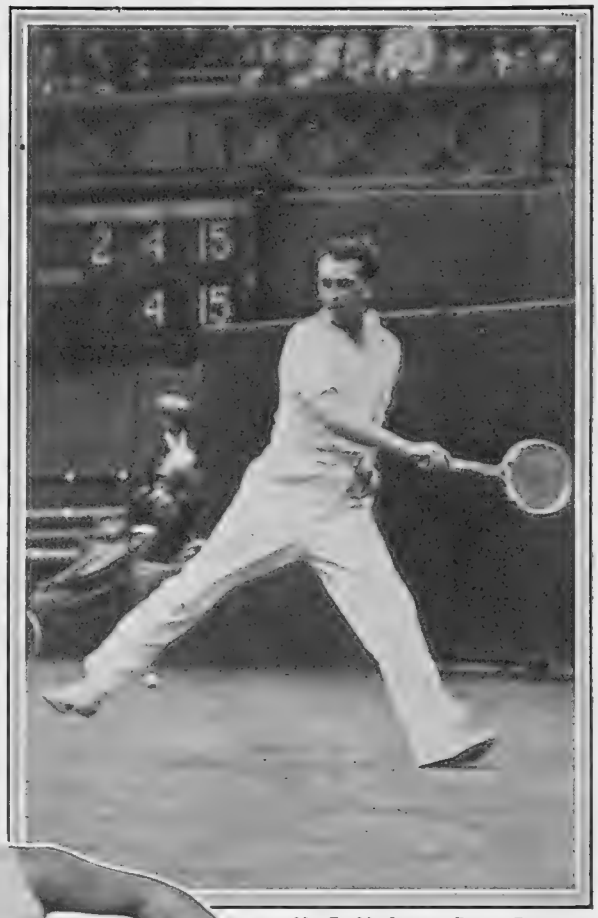


H. G. N. Lee, a Davis Cup choice of last year, seen playing the American, G. M. Lott, whom he defeated in three close sets. Lott, though not the best American singles player, was expected to win, but Lee had other ideas

J. S. Olliff, another young English player, who has of late been showing greater consistency, and previous to Wimbledon won the London Championship at Queen's Club. In his match against the young American, F. X. Shields, he was beaten for a place in the last eight

Miss Betty Nuthall, whose match with Mlle. Berthet provided her with an effortless victory, but more effort was required against Fraulein Peitz

F. X. Shields, the young American who has created so good an impression at Wimbledon. His great height helps all overhead work and he has a fine forehand drive, but it is possible that his backhand may wilt under pressure

A view of the eleventh green at Gullane, East Lothian, during the "Britannia and Eve" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes. It runs by the side of the Firth of Forth, which is seen in the background

GOLF GOSSIP

BY LIEUT-COL. W. ELWY JONES

THE Scottish Ladies' Championship has produced a number of surprises. Mrs. George Coats, of whom much was expected, went down to Mrs. Barbour, the excellent putting of the latter being responsible for her victory. Mrs. A. M. Holm, the holder, was beaten in the second round by Miss S. M. W. Millar. Mrs. J. B. Watson, who was out in 32, overwhelmed Miss Crawford. Mrs. Watson, who was out of form in the *Britannia and Eve* Foursomes, is now playing with her usual dash.

* * *

R. E. A. BOTT won the Hertfordshire Amateur Championship. Not to be outdone, Mrs. Bott scored a victory in the Westgrove Cup competition at Porters Park a few days later, lowering the ladies' record for the course by two strokes.

* * *

OUR Ryder Cup team has been busy preparing for the day. The extreme heat at Scioto has tried the Americans as well as our own players. The last three men have now been selected for the American team, having been chosen after a 72 holes qualifying competition. They are Whiffy Cox, of Brooklyn, Billy Burke, of Greenwich, Conn., and Craig Wood, of Deal, N.J. Burke returned an aggregate of 289, having rounds of 75, 71, 72 and 71.

The foursome partnerships have been tested by Whitcombe, Abe Mitchell and Fred Robson taking on Archie Compton, while George Duncan and Arthur Havers paired up with Ernest Whitcombe and Easterbrook.

With the exception of George Duncan all the members of our team are pleased with their play and confident of putting up a great fight.

Miss S. A. Walker (left) and Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery, the winners of the "Britannia and Eve" Scottish Foursomes, after receiving their trophies at Gullane

The winners of the "Britannia and Eve" Scottish Foursomes being congratulated by the runners-up, Mrs. Hudson and Miss P. Cotgrave. The final was a most exciting match which was eventually won by the Misses Walker and Purvis-Russell-Montgomery, one up

* * *

THERE is great activity in Parliamentary golfing circles. Lady Astor, I am told, is practising hard for the final of the Parliamentary Golf Handicap. The annual women's Lords v. Commons match took place at Walton Heath. Lady Eva de Paravicini captained the Lords' team and Mrs. Robert Fleming the Commons.

* * *

ALL golfers will be interested in two golfing films which have been shown in London recently —Bobby Jones in "How I Play Golf," and the other of Johnny Farrell. The former is, to my mind, far the better picture from every point of view.

* * *

THE holder, John Burke, of Lahinch, made a fine recovery in the fourth round of the Irish Native Amateur Championship. His opponent, W. Gill (Portmarnock), having led most of the way, was dormy 2, but Burke won the next two holes and also the nineteenth with a great 3.

* * *

THE United Services Ladies' Golf Association won the L.G.A. Handicap Challenge Cup at Beaconsfield with a net aggregate of 725 for nine players. The Ladies' Legal G.A. was second.

Reflecting Age and Quality . . .

THIS is an untouched photograph of glasses containing a little 'Cordon Bleu' Brandy.

See how they reflect the shadow of the casks in which it lay, recalling, as you will when you taste it, the fact that it matured in them for thirty-five years.

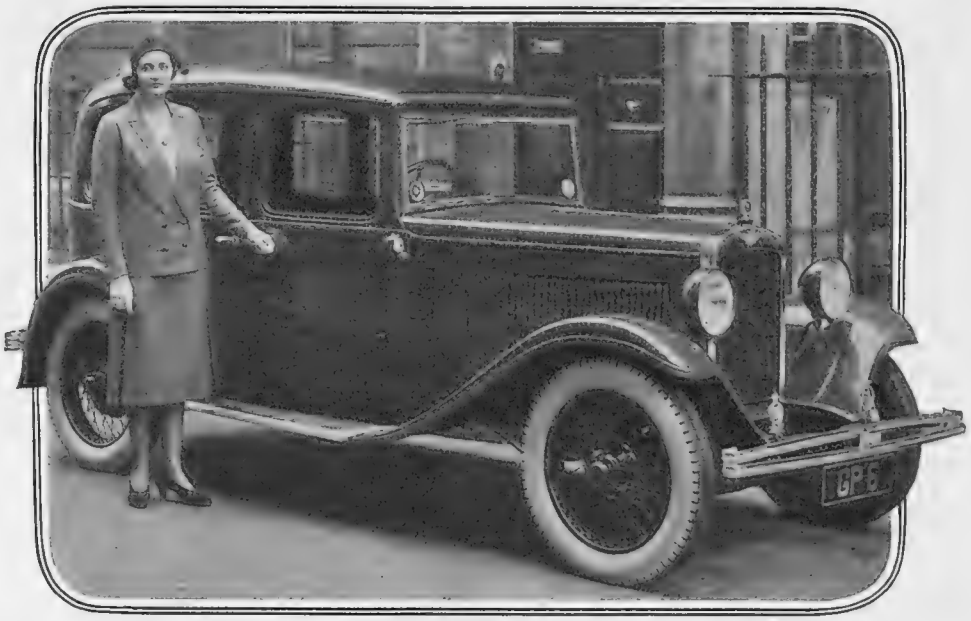
Life in cask makes the perfect Brandy; the bottle is but a handy means of transferring it to your liqueur glass.

Martell's
Cordon Bleu

MOTOR NOTES

CLOSE-COUPLING FOR COMFORT

BY E. M. WRIGHT



The Countess of Cottenham with her new 12/6 Austin Saloon de Luxe recently supplied by Messrs. Pass and Joyce, Ltd. The Earl of Cottenham is Chairman of the Order of the Road, the organisation for promoting careful and courteous motoring

We pride ourselves on the high general standard of bodywork in this country. We pride ourselves, too, on the roominess and comfort of that typically British product, the small light car. But wherein is our pride justified? We are no worse—on the average we are probably better—than many of our foreign competitors, but the majority of our coachbuilders have not followed the lead set them even in their own country. Most of the standard coachwork to-day is years out of date. Space is wasted even on baby cars and light cars, where space is at a premium. Faced with the problem of accommodating four persons in a car with a comparatively short wheel-base, many of our coachbuilders can devise no better solution than that of extending the body till it overhangs beyond the rear axle.

***

The result is ugly and dangerous, while passengers in the rear compartment are condemned to sit directly over the rear axle, where they will feel the full force of any road shocks. There is no space for a luggage container, and on many makes there is scarcely room for a luggage grid. The obvious solution is to move the rear seats forward and to fit wells in the floorboards to give the necessary leg room. I say "obvious," but it is astonishing how many coachbuilders still refuse to adopt so simple and so satisfactory a device. Many have done so and with eminent success. The idea was first originated by the Riley concern, who are still, perhaps, one of the most successful exponents of it. And to illustrate some of the salient features of this type of body—which is technically known as close-coupled—I shall refer in detail to their latest Alpine Six saloon.

***

So far forward is the rear seat that at first sight it might even look somewhat cramped for space, but in actual fact the deep wells that are let into the floor give ample leg room, even for a lanky six-footer. The car thus achieves an unusual degree of intimacy without any sacrifice of space. Instead of sitting directly above the back axle, passengers in the rear compartment are placed well forward of it, a feature which adds greatly to the riding comfort of the car. There is room and to spare for a large luggage container, and this does not protrude like an ungainly bustle, but fits snugly into the general lines of the car.

***

A further advantage of this type of body is that it allows of much lower lines without any loss of head room. A rear seat placed directly over the back axle must of necessity be perched comparatively high in order to give the necessary clearance. If, furthermore, passengers in the rear compartment are to be given adequate head room, the roof line must also be raised until the whole car looks as top-heavy as an old-fashioned taxi. Not only does this destroy any pretension to good looks, but it is also liable to render the car unstable. Overfast cornering may result in a nasty upset. Not so in the close-coupled type of body equipped with wells. The seats may be placed almost on the level of the floor, and, although an ordinary man can look right over the top of the car, the tallest is not cramped for space inside.

***

With so many examples to copy from, it is always an astonishment to me that coachbuilders still produce bodies that are practically as square-cut and as ungainly as soap boxes. Here, again, the particular model which I have in mind sets an example which might well be followed elsewhere. The fullest advantage is taken of every inch of width, where width is needed, but from the waistline upwards the body tapers inwards, giving that tumble-in effect which is as pleasing as it is practical. Low, svelte lines not only enhance the looks of a car, but they reduce wind resistance and add to the car's stability.

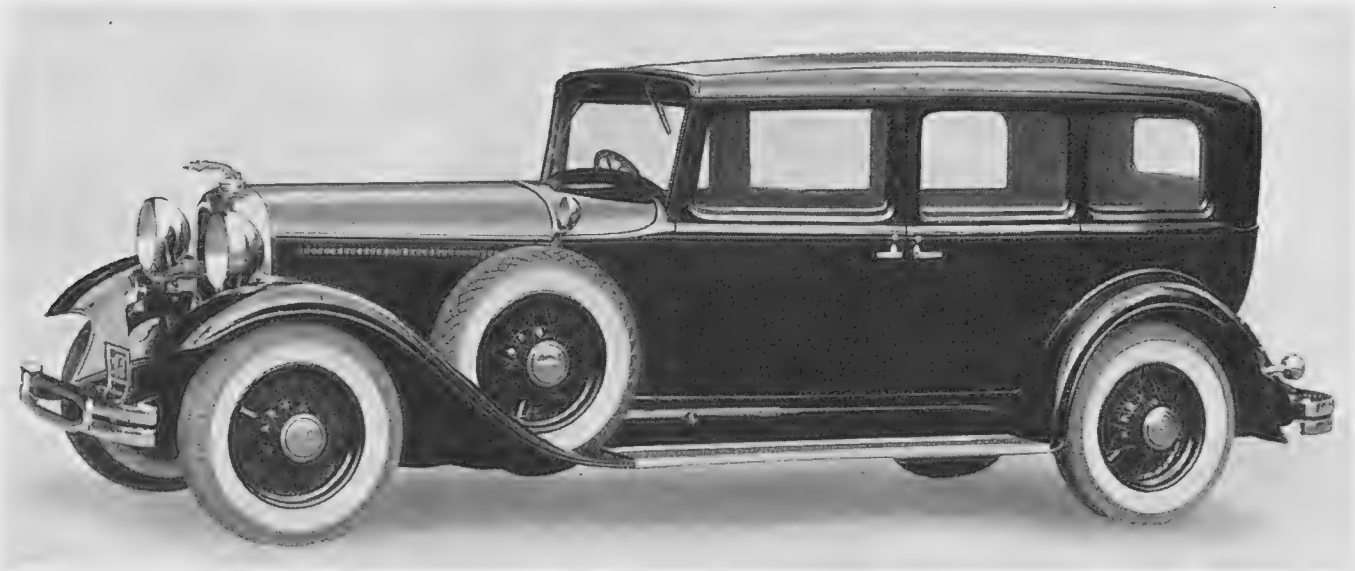
***

The Riley is, of course, not the only example of the close-coupled body, but I doubt if the principles are so well exemplified on any other standard make of coachwork. Foot wells are to be found on many other cars; excellent examples have been fitted on the Standard Nine since its inception, also worthily deep ones on the Morris Minor, and passably good examples, too, on the Austin Seven. But many firms still cling to out-of-date, old-fashioned body styles. The close-coupled type is the car of the future—as it is of the present. Ultimately I am convinced we shall (once again) fit our engines at the rear.

(Continued on page 50)

Gene Sarazen, the famous golfer, seeks a little motoring relaxation from the far from trivial round on the links. The car is a new Fordor Saloon

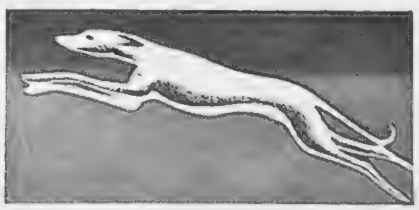
You know what you want but does anybody else?



Your requirements are known only to yourself. Nobody but you can know just exactly the car you want. But .... we can offer, in the New LINCOLN, a car which is as fast as one dare safely use on British roads, which is noiseless at its utmost pace. A car with a free-wheel on both top and second speeds, so that you can change from either to either, at any pace, without hesitation, uncertainty or sound. A car on which, travelling momentarily on either of two gears, you can free-wheel, at the expense merely of raising your toe. A car with really perfect brakes, wonderful steering, suspension that ignores road-surface inequalities. And, finally, a car whose acceleration is truly phenomenal, a car with "sports" performance, but one to travel in which is to realise the meaning of "the lap of luxury." That, in a nutshell, is the New LINCOLN.

We invite you to inspect the Lincoln at your leisure — at our showrooms, or at your door ★ FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, *Lincoln Car Department*, 88 *Regent Street, London, W.*1

the **LINCOLN**



MOTOR NOTES (continued from page 48)

IN THE NEWS

Engineers at Church

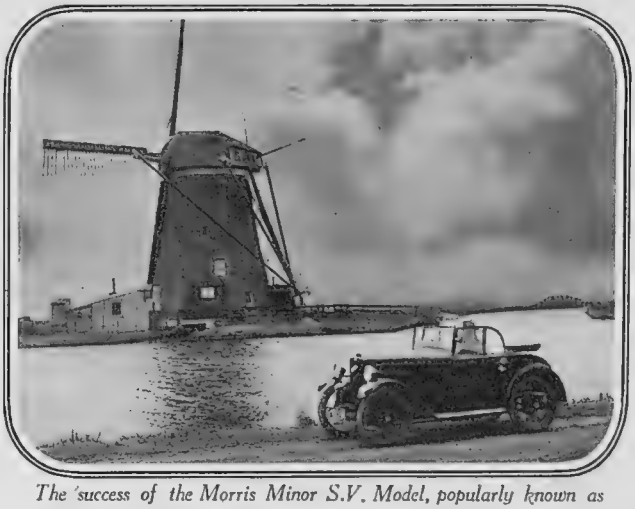
It was a happy and most original idea to inaugurate the new Institution of Highway Engineers at a Church Service at St. Anne's, Soho. Thither, at 11.30 on a recent Sunday morning, surveyors repaired, to seek guidance in their labours. Road users who have suffered from the splash of tar, the deadly kerb, the glass-smooth surface, must have been with them in spirit. The Secretary is a Mr. Slipper. The surveyor's heart has long been hardened to the bitter objurgations of mere motorists. Will the chastening influence of the Church lead him to a state of grace? An awakening sense of sin is the first step to salvation. I shall watch for wholesale conversions—even if only secular—as the first fruits of an institution so happily inaugurated.

A Sweeping Success

I make no apology for referring to the recent motor cycling T.T. in the Isle of Man, for so many motorists who have long since forgotten their motor cycling days still annually renew their youth at this famous classic. It was, indeed, a year of records. In every race, speeds were higher than they have ever been before, and, despite a strong contingent from abroad, every race was won by British riders on British machines. This year's event, incidentally, is a triumph for Wakefield Castrol oil. For the second year in succession, it was used by every winner, and for the sixteenth year in succession it was the winning oil in the Senior T.T., the blue riband event of the series. In addition to their three wins, Castrol users carried off the first six places in the Lightweight event, third place in the Junior and Senior T.T., and the only two Manufacturers' Team Prizes awarded.

Science in Industry

Indicative of the new spirit which animates British industry is the appointment of a scientist to an important executive position in a motor body-building works. Dr. G. L. Kelley, who enjoys an international reputation as an authority on iron and steel, has not only taken control of the laboratory at the Pressed Steel Co.'s works at Oxford, but is also in charge of manufacturing, engineering, and general production. Pressed steel bodies are now turned out by this company for Austin, Wolseley, Morris, Hillman, Rover, and other makes of cars. So scientifically is the body made that not only is the actual steel subjected to the most rigorous test, but even the upholstery, carpets, and roof work have to be tested before the cars are allowed on the market. For example, the upholstery is submitted to ultra-violet rays to test its resistance to fading. This is an example of the actual work that goes into the making of a motor car body if it is to give satisfactory service



The success of the Morris Minor S.V. Model, popularly known as the £100 Car, is almost as great abroad as it is at home. Above, one of these cars is seen against a typical Dutch background

Belgium "Buys British"

It speaks well for the progress of British motor boat production that the Belgian millionaire, Baron M. Empain, has bought a British speedboat for use as a tender for his magnificent yacht, "Heliopolis." Despite keen competition from America, the British Power Boat Co., of Hythe, Southampton, secured the Baron's order and have just recently supplied him with a Sea-King-Majestic "Power" boat, which achieved a speed of no less than 38 m.p.h. in its trials.

The Latest from Aberdeen!

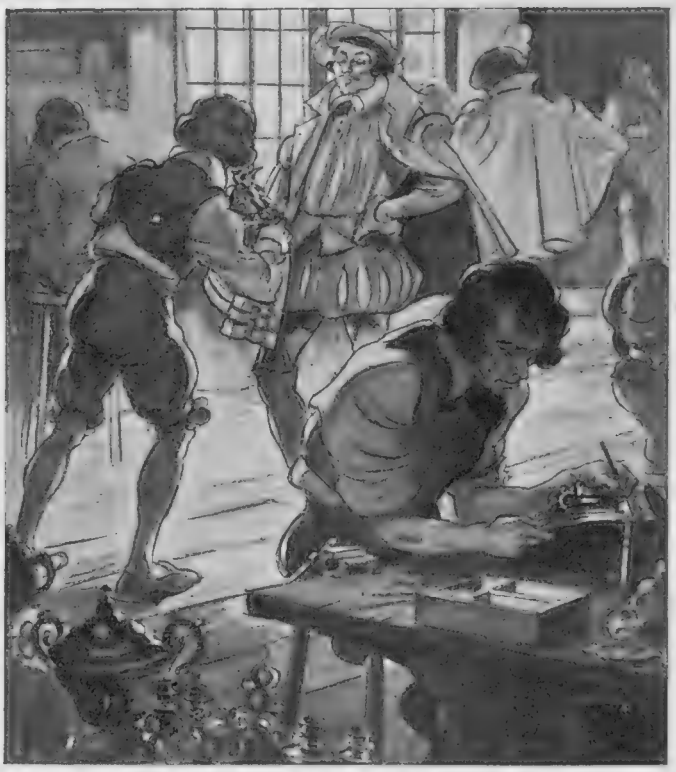
London to Aberdeen is not my idea of the ideal day's run, but a woman driver—Miss Parker—has just accomplished the journey in remarkably good time. Driving a 16-50 Humber with three passengers, she left Highgate, London, at 4 a.m., and stopping only for breakfast (half hour) lunch (one hour) tea (half hour), and for petrol—over two hours in all—Aberdeen was reached at 7.30 p.m. The actual driving time was 13 hours, and the distance on the speedometer was 553 miles. For the first 285 miles there was heavy rain, and over the Cumberland hills a snowstorm was encountered. On the question of comfort, motorists will agree that there is a great deal to be said in favour of motor transport.

Craftsmanship

Machines are said to be replacing craftsmen—a statement not always true. For machines cannot often produce the best; quality is their sacrifice to quantity.

To make one thing well is the sole object of craftsmanship—the reward of years of concentration, a lifetime of endeavour.

So in the making of Castrol, machines are but the servants of craftsmen—Britons all, men of rare capacity.



WAKEFIELD **CASTROL** MOTOR OIL

THE PRODUCT OF AN ALL-BRITISH FIRM

SUMMER IN NORTHERN WATERS

Come Cruising by P & O in the warm July airs of the Northern seas. There will be cruises by the 20,000-ton electric ship *Viceroy of India* on July 4, July 18 to Norway, Iceland and the Shetlands; and on August 1 to Norway and the Baltic Capitals. In the *Viceroy of India* you will find pleasant society; rest; or a round of gaiety—as you will. Perfect cooking. Perfect service.

Western Mediterranean, **August 22; September 5, 13 Days—From 24 gns.**

Come Cruising! Send for our Picture Handbooks :—

P & O CRUISES

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P & O Tourist Class: Australia from £70 return.
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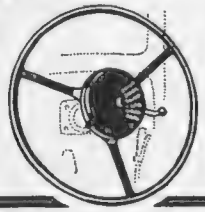
L.A.

FOR THE CAR OF AIRCRAFT QUALITY

S.C. "Filtrate" REG.
SELF-CHANGING GEAR-BOX OIL



The oil officially recommended for the ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY self-changing gear-box

Headquarters:
Filtrate Works, Leeds
London Depot: 43 Johnson Street, S.W.1

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Le Touquet

on the French Channel Coast. 3 hours only from London.

THREE Golf Courses

THE MOST FASHIONABLE CASINO IN FRANCE.

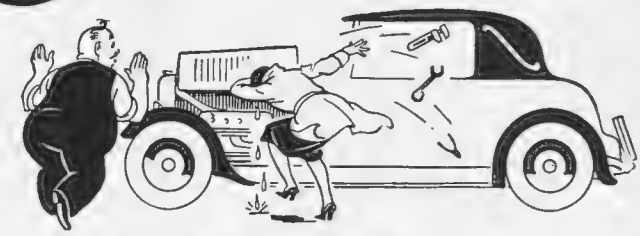
A large Pine Forest on the fringe of the sea.

Hotels:

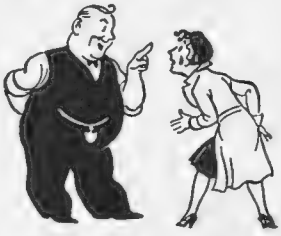
WESTMINSTER
In Forest—Close to Casino.
250 Rooms with Bath and 'Phone.

GRAND HOTEL
On the Beach—Very Central.
200 Rooms with Bath and 'Phone.

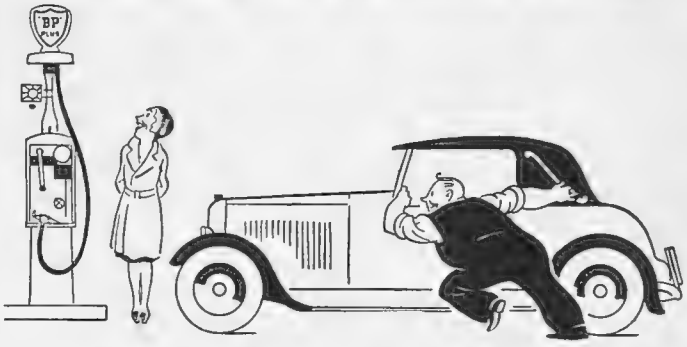
'BP' RHYMES OF THE ROAD



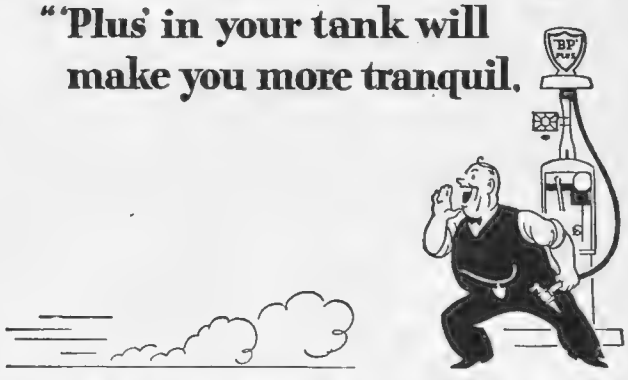
Little Miss Moffet met a true prophet,



These were the words he did say



"'Plus' in your tank will make you more tranquil,



And keep engine trouble away!"

***The* blue 'BP' plus *definitely ensures:*— instant starting + amazing acceleration + more M.P.G + fullest power + wonderful hill-climbing + freedom from pinking**

"BP" PLUS

ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD.
BRITISH PETROLEUM CO. LTD. BRITANNIC HOUSE, MOORGATE, E.C.2
DISTRIBUTING ORGANIZATION

BETTER MILK FOR BABIES

Baby's gaining now, thanks to—

LACTOGEN

Another eight ounces this week! Flesh firm, good bone, sturdy limbs. Digestion sound as a bell, and the energy! In fact, ever since Mother put Baby on Lactogen he has picked up marvellously.

Lactogen is pure, fresh full-cream milk with extra cream and milk sugar added, dried and made by the Lactogen process as digestible as breast milk (Baby's perfect food) and in all important respects like breast milk.

Lactogen contains all the food elements your Baby needs to make him healthy and happy, with sound organs of digestion, dense bone, straight limbs, sturdy framework good teeth, firm muscle and a splendid constitution. Baby can take Lactogen as his sole food from birth, or for alternate or supplementary feeds.

The rich pure milk for Lactogen comes from specially selected herds that graze on sweet English meadowlands. Close inspection, rigorous tests, hygienic packing, ensure absolute purity and unvarying quality.

Even the most delicate babies thrive and grow strong on Lactogen. Doctors and Nurses say "Put Baby on Lactogen."

"LACTOGEN"
REGD. TRADE MARK

BETTER MILK FOR BABIES

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From all Chemists

FREE LACTOGEN SAMPLE & BOOKLET

Start your Baby right! Send for the useful little booklet "Early Days" and a Free Sample of Lactogen—the Better Milk for Babies. For Baby's sake send now!

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IMPERIAL HYDRO HOTEL
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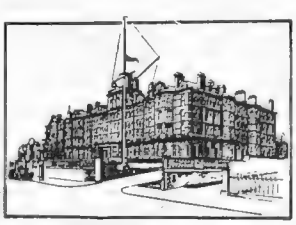
Everything to ensure a perfect, bracing holiday is offered you at the Imperial Hydro Hotel. It is fully licensed and stands in a magnificent position on the sea front. 200 bedrooms fitted with hot and cold water. Electric lift. Tea and Dinner Dansants are held daily in the Palm Lounge. Turkish Baths Tennis, Billiards, etc Golf Links are near

Blackpool is an excellen Motoring centre within easy reach of the English Lakes and Yorkshire Dales. The Imperial Hydro Hotel has ample accommodation for 250 cars



TARIFF: April to October from 14/6 to 21/- per day (inclusive of meals).

Write for Tariff No. 14.

Telephone Blackpool 291

Same Old Headache Every Afternoon

A Sign of Poisonous Waste Accumulating In Your Body

That same old dull ache in your head every afternoon—that sudden mysterious tired feeling that comes on you before the day is done and sends you home more ready for bed than for your supper—it's one of the surest signs your intestines are falling down on the job and letting the waste matter accumulate. The stored up waste putrefies—setting up toxins and poisons that sap your strength and energy, cause your head to ache and make you feel as if you had lost every friend in the world.

One of the best things you can do for sluggish intestines is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This has a splendid cleansing and stimulating effect upon both the stomach and intestines. You can make the hot water and lemon juice doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder.

This is a famous old natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to flush the intestines and to combat the putrefactive processes and acidity. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish. Get about four ounces of Kutnow's Powder from any chemist to start with. Use it faithfully for six or seven days. The change in your condition will amaze you. You'll feel like a new person, improved in appetite, in colour and clearness of complexion. The years will have seemed to be lifted from your shoulders.

Every chemist knows Kutnow's Powder and will be glad to sell you four ounces for a test.

Mackinlay's
LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

"'Tis still the best distilled"

DISTILLED 12 YEARS AGO

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE IT TO-DAY!

Also

MACKINLAY'S V.O.B.
Not quite as old but almost as good

There's no use talking

taste it!

Distilled, blended and bottled in Scotland by CHAS. MACKINLAY & CO., Distillers, Leith, and at Trafalgar House, Waterloo Place, S.W.1

(*Established* 1820)

Fashions Fancies

STRAW HATS FOR SUMMER DAYS

Small hats will have a new vogue during the coming months. Scotts, of Old Bond Street, are responsible for those portrayed. The model on the left is provided with a narrow brim, while that on the right reveals the forehead and eyebrow

Among the many attractions at Walpole's (89, New Bond Street, W.) sale is the washing silk frock in the centre of the group. To Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, must be given the credit of the navy and white drill "middy" suit on the right, as well as the beach suit on the left; it is carried out in plain and spotted shantung

EXCEPTIONAL BARGAINS

PARIS MODELS HALF PRICE
FUR COATS AND WRAPS

The Fascination of the Sales

THE magnetic power of the summer sales cannot be over-estimated, and this year they are more welcome than ever, as the majority have had their dress allowances greatly reduced. Debenham and Freebody's (Wigmore Street) sale begins on Monday next, July 6, and terminates on the 25th. The catalogue is ready, and must be studied with care. In the model gown department there is a collection of dresses for £15 each, original prices from 18½ to 40 guineas. There are a limited number of evening dresses for £5, usual price 12½ guineas. In the coat and skirt department there are tweed two-piece ensembles suitable for early autumn wear for 8½ guineas; when August arrives the price will be 12½ guineas.

Genuine Bargains

AT Woolland's (Knightsbridge) summer sale remnants and oddments will be half-price on Thursdays. There are useful frocks for women of generous proportions in printed fabrics for £5 5s. Practical slips for wearing with coatees, made with a foundation of pleated georgette and reinforced with a smartly shaped godet frill at foot, are £4 4s. Neither must it be overlooked that there is excellent value in lace overdresses and coats and splendid bargains in gloves.

Furs on Approval

A FACT that is sure to be accorded a warm welcome is that during the City Fur Stores' (64, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.) sale, furs will be sent on approval without obligation to purchase on receipt of full purchase price as a deposit. Among the unique bargains are the natural silver flank musquash coats for 12 guineas, while those of French electric seal trimmed with natural skunk are 21 guineas. In the domain of small furs there are four-skin sable kolinsky ties for 6 guineas, and scarf stoles of natural grey squirrel for 5 guineas. By the way, renovations and remodelling are undertaken at exceptionally moderate prices while the sale is in progress.

Special Prices

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, W., prior to the commencement of their sale on July 13, are offering at special prices a varied selection of gowns, suits, coats, wraps, and millinery. Everything is from this season's stock. No catalogue is issued; therefore a visit is necessary.

Everything Greatly Reduced

IT is good news that the old-established firm of Robert Heath, Knightsbridge, S.W., is having a sale. Everything is greatly reduced in price. There are crêpe de Chine two-piece ensembles for 6½ guineas and evening dresses from 8½ guineas, while model hats are half-price.

Furs at Half Prices

AND, of course, a visit must be paid to Swan and Edgar's (Piccadilly, W.) sale, as furs are being offered at half their usual prices. For instance, there are handsome coats of mink marmot; the skins are so beautifully worked that the effect is that of real mink; the sale price is 12 guineas. Furthermore, there are fashionable satin evening gowns, in sizes from 38in. to 42in., for 5½ guineas; while smart dresses, reinforced with coatees expressed in artificial flamingo, are £6; the hip sizes are from 40in. to 46in. Unprecedented reductions have been made in the prices of everything throughout the establishment.

The Indispensable Beautiforms

ALL women who wish to own a figure whose proportions are graceful and harmonious must visit Madame Maud, 91A, Baker Street (the corner of Crawford Street), and see the Beautiform garments. They are created for each individual figure on scientific and hygienic lines; and, although there is never any hint of compression, they have a slimming effect. They overcome that ugly ridge of flesh that appears on the shoulder-blades; the hips likewise decline to have anything to do with superfluous tissue. The medical faculty are eulogistic regarding the excellence of their work. Another point that will appeal to the busy woman is that they are robbed of all complicated fastenings, and as a consequence they can be adjusted in a fraction of a second. Visits to the cleaners have no deleterious effect on them. To put the matter in a nutshell they envelop the trunk of the body like a glove; they have the much-to-be-desired slimming effect, and give support just where it is needed, which is an immense advantage.

Warwick Wright Says

"HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL"

when you wish to change gear silently—but why not be able to change gears without tears?

The Armstrong Siddeley Pre-Selective Self-changing Gear calls for no more imagination, ability or experience than is needed to move a small trigger mounted on the steering wheel.

A perfectly silent change is made to or from any gear at any speed.

In addition, you will find the Armstrong Siddeley is a car that has the most impressive lines and perfect performance, and will outlast any other car of its price.

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY

12 h.p. Saloon with Self-Changing Gear £278.

Warwick Wright Ltd

Mayfair 2904

150, NEW BOND STREET, W.1.

Woodwright

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DAD says a bath's not a real bath if there's no Wright's Coal Tar Soap. He knows it's the soap that protects as well as cleanses—knows that its antiseptic properties kill all germs. You should see how fresh and full of vim he is after using it . . . it is a wonderfully invigorating soap. Try it yourself — you'll like it well enough to insist on it always.

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6d. per Tablet.

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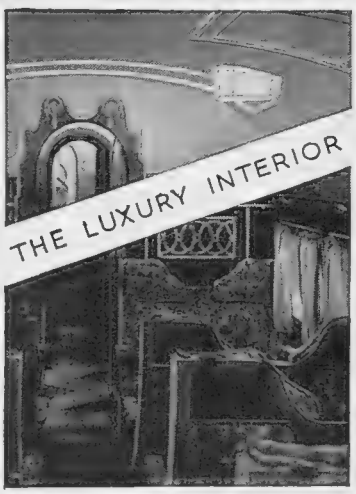

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C.F.H. 104

DOGS

BUYERS AND BREEDERS

By Lady Kitty Ritson

THIS is the time of year when the puppy you have chosen, in the nest, is old enough to leave its mother and you will be receiving a telegram to say that "Puppy left by ten o'clock train, arrives four o'clock." Now, please, directly the puppy arrives and you have opened the crate or basket, send a telegram to the original owner to say that all is well. Strangely enough, we breeders are fond of our little dogs, although we sell them for money, and I have been nearly distracted sometimes when thoughtless people have not taken the trouble to send news of the pup's arrival. I remonstrated with such an individual once, and was told: "Oh, you had the cheque, I never thought you'd worry!"

But that is not everybody's attitude. One sells a puppy because one cannot keep everything one breeds, but, personally, I am always in a state of unhappiness whenever a little dog has to take the first plunge into a cold world.

Now, should you be so unfortunate as to find when you open the basket to discover that the puppy is not what you expected, that it is ill (with suspicious symptoms such as running eyes or nose, or a cough, etc.) or that it is scratching continually, or that it is very dull and depressed, it is as well to call in a vet at once.

Don't forget that the puppy may have been very sick, so don't be hasty in your decision. Wipe him clean with a soft towel, and if it is summer time give him a drink of milk and a mat in a shady corner, where he can sleep; but be sure it is warm enough, for a young puppy is easily chilled. It is, perhaps, wiser to make a bed for him in the house. When he wakes up he should be ready for a meal, and he should be ready to respond to your friendly overtures, although he is bound to be lonely for a few days.

Mr. C. Rotch's splendid Chows, Champion Rochow Dragoon (left), and champion Rochow Arkbella. They have won innumerable prizes and honours in the show ring

BREEDS differ in their reaction to new surroundings. Terriers accommodate themselves pretty quickly, but an Alsatian puppy may be lonely for many days. When the puppy wakes up, however, he should without doubt be reasonably cheerful, and ready to eat something. If he is very thin, shivery or scratches interminably, call your vet, just as a precaution, for if the puppy proves to be a "dud" you may have some redress. If you keep it for days and the seller has only your word on which to depend, he will refuse to do anything.

BUT don't be hasty, as I said before. I once despatched a puppy to its destination and was smugly awaiting the telegram full of joy and gratitude, which I felt to be my due, as the puppy was in lovely condition. On the contrary there came a wire saying, "Puppy not what I expected, returning." I went down full of wrath to meet a poor worn-out puppy, that was otherwise quite well. I kept it for several days and found it perfectly healthy, but in the meantime I got a letter explaining that, being an Alsatian, they had expected it to have its ears pricked at three months!

They were full of apologies, having later learnt their mistake, but I was angry and the puppy did not go back. Eventually she became a big winner. So don't be rash, and, anyhow, be charitable and keep the puppy for twenty-four hours to let it recover from its journey. If your vet pronounces the puppy to be unfit to keep, a telegram announcing the fact, a few hours after arrival, will cover you. But, and this is a big BUT, only buy from a reputable kennel and such incidents won't occur.

ON HOLIDAY

You can sun-bathe, sea-bathe and play games to your heart's content and still your hair will remain immaculate and lustrous if you dress it every morning with Rowland's Macassar Oil, the perfect hair food and hair dressing. Red for dark hair, Golden for fair or grey hair.

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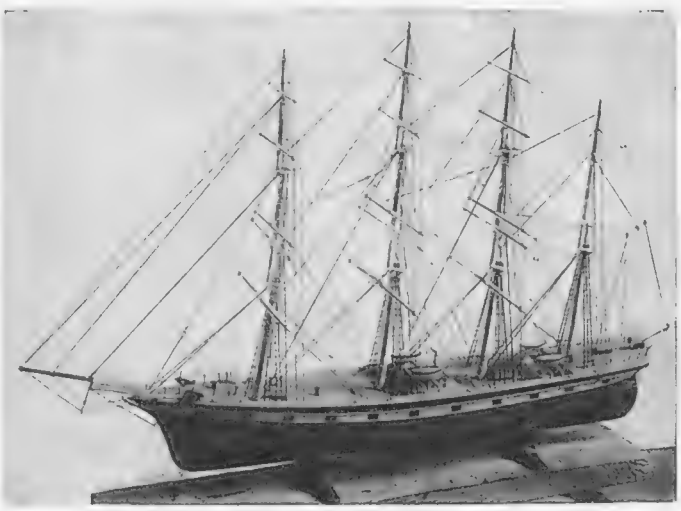
"LOCH TORRIDON"

MODEL BY FRANK H. MASON



Length (figurehead to stern), 12½ inches.

The Sporting Gallery begs to announce that a few copies of Mr. Frank H. Mason's model of the famous four-masted barque "Loch Torridon" are still available. As in the case of Mr. Mason's previous models of "Thermopylæ" and "Cutty Sark," twenty-five reproductions only, numbered and signed, have been made under the artist-craftsman's personal supervision. The price is Twenty-five Guineas (packing and transport extra). *All reproductions of "Thermopylæ" and "Cutty Sark" have been sold and copies of either model are at a premium.* Orders for "Loch Torridon" are booked and executed strictly in rotation. "Loch Torridon" has been selected for the present occasion by Mr Mason in deference to many requests for a model of one of the celebrated Clyde-built barques, which rank admittedly among the most shapely and beautiful vessels ever launched.

An example can be inspected in The Sporting Gallery.

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POMMES NOUVELLES
HARICOT VERTS

FRAISES À LA CHANTILLY

FOIES DE VOLAILLE

CAFÉ - DESERT

Filets de Truites

HAVE a good sized trout filleted and simmer it in some brown gravy, a glass of claret, some herbs and lemon juice, serve it with mousseline sauce and garnish with olives. Mousseline sauce is really a mayonnaise sauce, with some whipped aspic and about two tablespoonfuls of cream. This sauce is served cold.

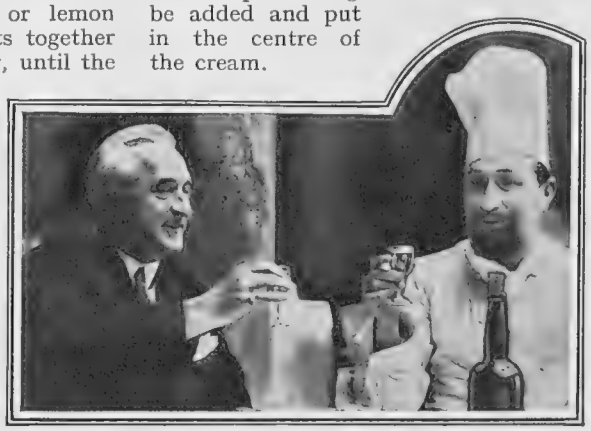
Poulet à la Milanaise

BOIL in a pan about two quarts of slightly salted water, then put in ¼ lb. of macaroni, and let boil for twenty minutes. Drain it well. Boil a chicken in stock, cut it into joints, and place it in the two following mixed sauces made hot—a quarter of a pint of tomato sauce and a quarter of a pint of espagnole sauce. Add the macaroni, some seasoning, and a few drops of tarragon vinegar or lemon juice. Stew these ingredients together for three quarters of an hour, until the chicken is quite tender. Place on a hot dish, arrange the macaroni to form a bed, and dress the pieces of chicken on top.

Sauce Espagnole.—Fry together 1½ oz. of butter, 1½ oz. of flour, a sliced onion, a sliced tomato, and a small slice of lean ham, then add gradually a full half-pint of good brown stock; boil all together for about a quarter of an hour, pass it through a sieve, add about half a gill of sherry, skim well, and boil up till reduced about a fourth part.

Fraises à la Chantilly

REMOVE the stalks from a pound of small ripe strawberries, place in a basin and sprinkle over with castor sugar. Cover, and let stand in a cool place—or on ice—for an hour. Three-parts fill a number of glasses with the fruit. Have ready some whipped cream, sweetened, and put this on the fruit so as to fill each glass completely, piling the cream on roughly. If it is likely to appeal to the general taste, a small pinch of ground cinnamon can be added and put in the centre of the cream.



M. Umberto Possenti, the Manager of Ciro's Club, and of Monte Carlo fame, congratulating Ciro's chef on his cold buffet

Foies de Volaille

POUND the liver of a fowl, mix with it a teaspoonful of made mustard, salt, cayenne, a little anchovy essence and a little butter; work it into a smooth paste, and spread on hot buttered toast. Place in a very hot oven for a few minutes, garnish with parsley, and serve.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

"Jou Jou"—A Warning

A perpetual injunction restraining an infringement of the "Jou Jou" registered trade-mark was granted by the High Court of Justice Chancery Division on March 17, 1931. The name of Jou Jou is a valuable one, as it stands for quality and value, and the firm bearing this name are specialists in women's requisites and among other things are selling now some attractive bathing costumes and beach shoes.

Scotland for Holidays

Scenery, sport, history and romance are to be found in Scotland, and the intending visitor has an ample choice of localities. Among the many places of interest served by the London and North Eastern Railway are Aberdeen, the Silver City by the sea, Dunoon, Leven, Melrose, Montrose, North Berwick, St. Andrews, so well-known to golfers, the lovely Isle of Skye, Perth, in the heart of the lovely Highland Country, Dunfermline, the ancient capital of Scotland, Ballater, in Royal Deeside, the quaint old Fifeshire towns of Crail and Dunbar. Descriptive literature is obtainable from L.N.E.R. offices and travel information may be had from the company's enquiry offices and agencies.

Wolverhampton's Floral Fête

This year's Wolverhampton Floral Fête, which takes place on July 14, 15, and 16, in West Park, promises to be bigger, brighter and better than ever, and Mr. Arnold Heckle has drawn up a most attractive than ever. Among the many features of attraction will be a wonderful lighting display of over 10,000 lights, including set pieces, firework displays, and daylight fireworks. The music will be provided by the band of His Majesty's Lifeguards, and a well-known seaside concert party will add to the enjoyment of the proceedings. Of outstanding interest will be the Empire School Pageant of 1,000 children in the national costumes of the various countries of the Empire, with dancing and mass singing. Their costumes, which are of elaborate design, are to be made of artificial silk manufactured and presented by the great firm of Courtauld's.

A fair pupil receiving instruction in driving an 18½ ft 38 m.p.h. "Dart" speedboat at the Welsh Harp. The Company has inaugurated a "Hire and Drive" Speedboat Service at the reasonable cost of £2 2s. per hour for two people, and undertake during that time to teach two pupils enough to enable them to take charge of the wheel and controls

Tourist Agents on the Rhine

Representatives of some of the leading travel agencies have just returned from a fortnight's visit to Holland, West Germany and Switzerland. The tour was arranged by the North-Sud Ausschuss (North-South Committee), a union for propaganda purposes of twenty-one cities on the well-marked tourist track which runs from Bavaria and Switzerland by way of the Rhine Valley to Cologne and Holland. Although this route is so well-known that few people in touring Europe would fail to include it, the cities concerned are by no means content to rest on their laurels. Any visitor cannot fail to be much impressed by the up-to-date coaches, the well-managed information bureaux, and the excellent hotel accommodation, whether at high or low prices, which enable the visitor to make the most of the scenic and artistic attractions for which the region is famous, and every year open up new ground for the travelling public. Besides the world-famous resorts of the district, several industrial and other centres were visited, and were found to be rapidly equipping themselves to meet every requirement of the modern tourist. Everywhere a hearty welcome is extended to the English visitor, who will find that everything possible will be done for his comfort.

The Sale of the Season

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Quality Underwear at Sale Prices.

Quality Sale

Remnants Half Price each Thursday.

TO-DAY & DAILY.

K.59.—50 dozen. **Combinations** with Opera Tops, *as sketch*, in medium and outsize, in white or pink.

	Sale Prices
Fine Indian Gauze	**23/9**
Medium Indian Gauze	**23/9**
Pure Scotch Wool (Fine)	**21/9**
Cashmere and Silk	**33/9**
Silk and Wool	**33/9**
Spun Silk	**23/9**

K.250.—30 dozen only.

Combinations in Silk and Merino. Shape as sketch or Opera Tops. Slender, women's, and outsize.

Usual Price - 25/9

Sale Price - 16/11

K.254.—**Spencers** in slip-over shape, medium or outsize, short or long sleeves.

	Sale Prices
Gauze Merino	**8/11**
Indian Gauze	**15/11**
Pure Wool	**14/9**
Silk and Wool	**19/11**
Pure Spun Silk	**21/9**
Cashmere and Silk (light but warm)	**23/9**

K.258.—Milanese Silk **Vests,** in white or pink.

Usual Price - - - - - - - - 15/11

Sale Price - - - - - - - - 12/11

Silk and Merino **Vests** (white only). Also with low neck, no sleeves.

Usual Price - - - - - - - - 15/11

Sale Price - - - - - - - - 10/11

K.266.—130 dozen only.

Ladies' Art. Silk **Knickers,** with shaped band in front. In all the latest shades.

	Women's	O.S.
Usual Prices	12/9	13/11
Sale Prices	**8/11**	**8/11**
Superior quality.		
Usual Prices	13/11	14/11
Sale Prices	**11/9**	**12/11**

K.265.—124 dozen only.

Ladies' **Knickers,** ribbed waist and knees, all sizes, good colours.

	Sale Prices
Artificial Silk and Wool	**8/11**
Best quality Scotch Wool	**14/11**
Best quality Silk and Wool	**19/11**
Cashmere and Silk, pink and white only. Open or closed	**25/9**
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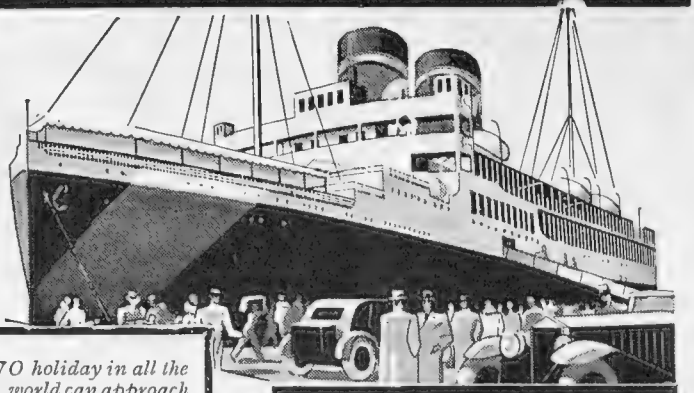

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3, LOWER REGENT STREET, LONDON, S.W.1
LIVERPOOL: 10, Water Street, and Principal Tourist Agents. *Gerrard 5671.*

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The Welcombe estate lies at the heart of the Shakespeare tradition — indeed it is mentioned in the poet's will — and there on a summer afternoon or a starry night how easy to imagine the poet back again in the countryside he loved so well.

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CHEMISE to match - - - **18/9**
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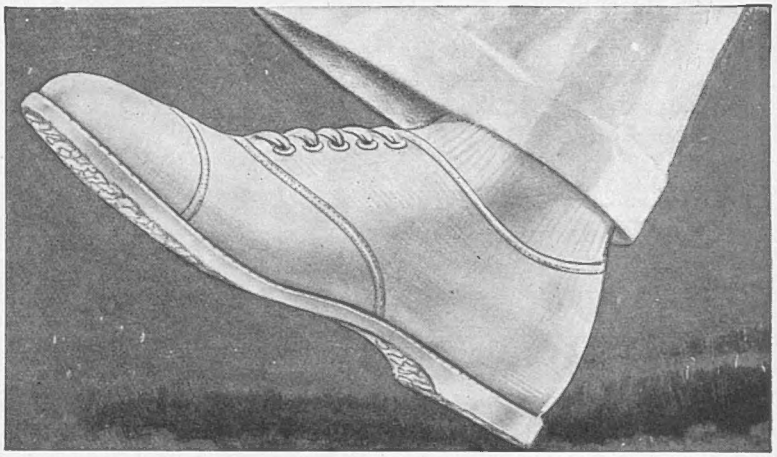

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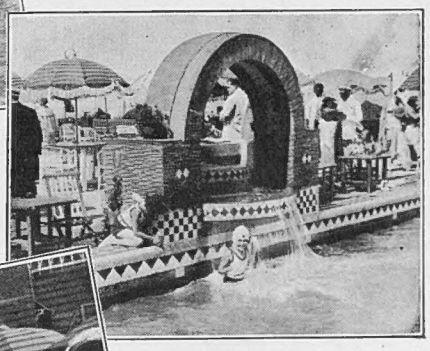

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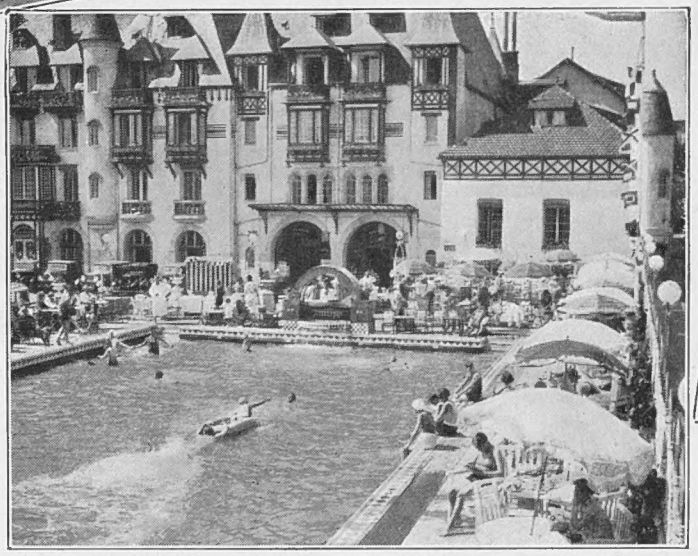

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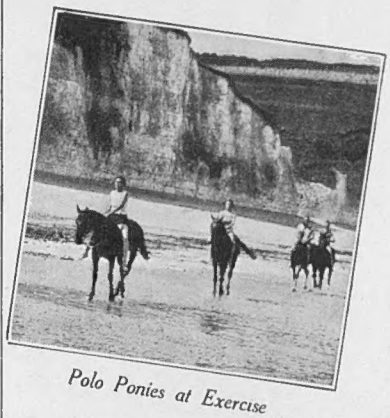

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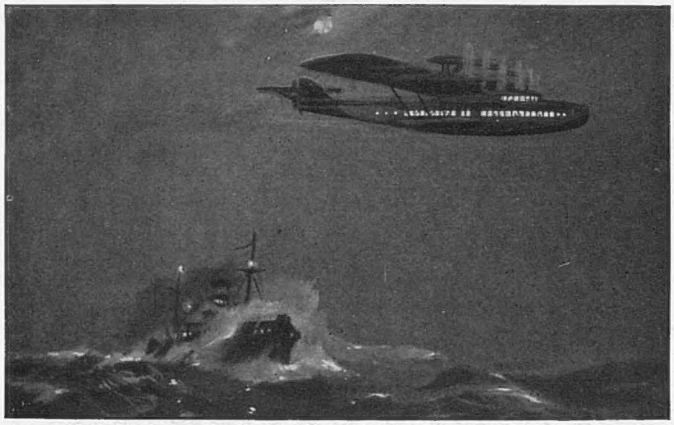

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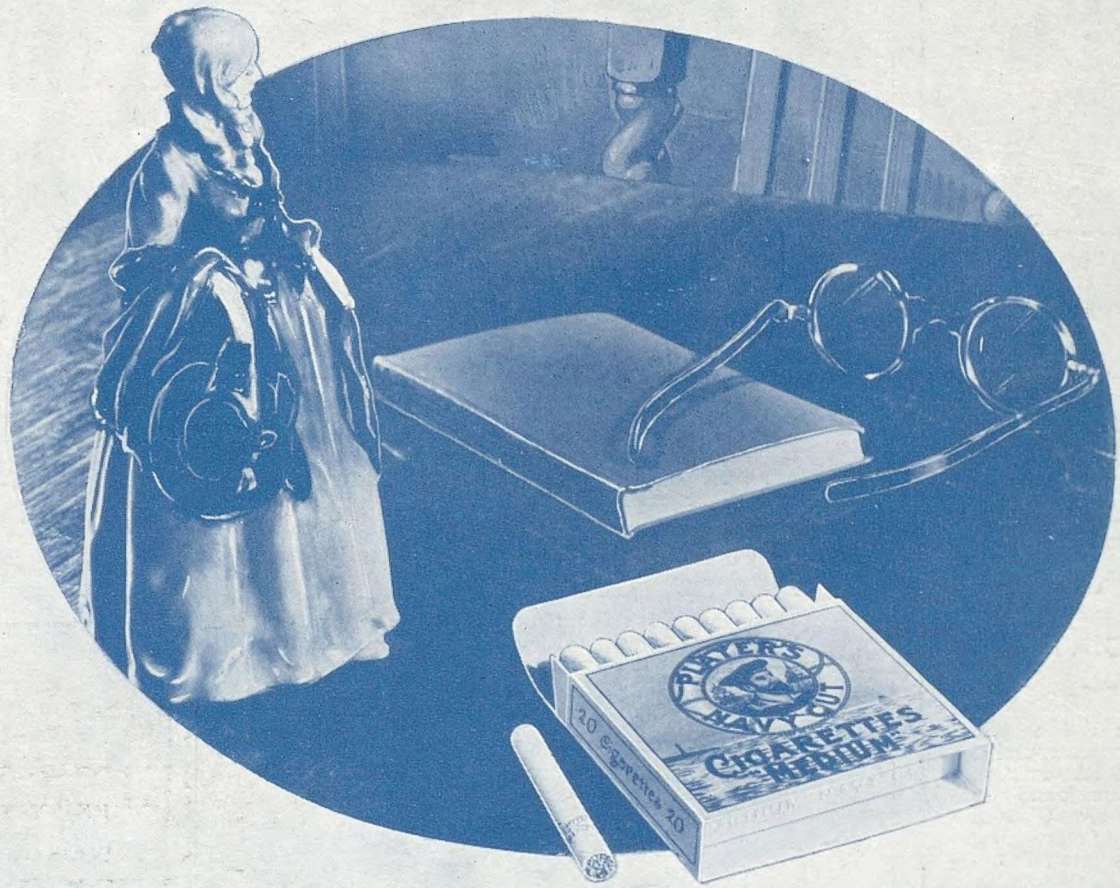

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